

FIVE YEARS IN THE SUNNY SOUTH



REMINISCENCES OF
MAURICE MARCOOT

COMPANY "B" - 15TH REG. MISSOURI VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

FROM 1861 TO 1866

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

I have frequently, during the last few years, been requested by old comrades and friends to write my recollections and reminiscences of army service in connection with Co. "B." 15th Mo. Vol. Infantry, to which I was attached for nearly five years during the recent rebellion. I have however, as often declined, in the hope that an abler pen than mine would, sooner or later, tell the story and do the command that justice which its record, during those memorable years, deserve. I have always been adverse to publicity relative to my own army experience, and fully realize that many, very many, comrades have not only had far more interesting experiences, but were capable of presenting them in a much more entertaining manner; while I hold, and ever shall believe, that few commands among the many, where all displayed so much valor, deserve more honor for meritorious service than the old veterans of the gallant 15th Missouri Volunteer Infantry.

A further reason for thus yielding lies in my belief that it is important that so much of the unwritten history of that memorable strife as can should be secured from those comrades of the ranks who are yet still living, and further, the admonition given by our beloved immortal comrade. Gen. J. A. Logan. when he said that "each and every veteran, who participated in the slightest degree in the great cause nearest the hearts of all loyal people of this land, should read a history from his memory to every child he meets. Let all the young learn the patriotism that lies in the hearts of good, true and brave men."

I shall as far as possible, avoid the already written history and geography, and, from necessity, attempt no romance, aiming only to state the facts as they occurred to me in the plainest possible manner. During my service of four years and eight months in the same company and regiment, the command participated in no less than twenty-five battles of greater or less magnitude, marched 3,290 miles, traveled by rail 2,334 miles, and by water 4,550 miles, a total of 10,154 miles.

INDEX

CHAPTER I.

March 1861 to July 1861

Boyhood. Employment. Patriotism aroused. Difficulties encountered to enlist. Departure from Home.

CHAPTER II.

July 1861 to February 1862

Arrival at St. Louis. First experience in camp life. Military discipline. First Campaign through Missouri. Gen Tremont and Siegel. Mayor Zagony's bloody charge at Springfield. Winter Quarters at Rolla. Mo.

CHAPTER III.

February 1862 to October 1862

Second Campaign to Springfield. Difficulties of the march. Battle of Pea Ridge. Campaign to Corinth. Mississippi. Summer Camp at Rienzi. Campaign to Cincinnati. Olivon and Louisville, Ky. Sick in Hospital. Battle of Perryville.

CHAPTER IV.

October 1862 to January 1863

Battle of Perryville continued. Left sick at Hospital in Bowling Green, Ky. Mothers visit. Trip home. Sick at home. Regiments campaign to Nashville & Stone River, Tennessee. Battle of Stone River. Went into camp. Summer camp at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

CHAPTER V.

January 1863 to June 1863

Incidents in Camp at Murfreesboro, Tenn. Scirmishes and Expeditions. First Battle of Franklin, June 4th, 1863.

CHAPTER VI.

June 1863 to July 1863.

Chattanooga & Chickamauga campaign. Resistance at Tullahoma.

Liberty & Hoover's Gaps, engaged enemy at Fairfield Tenn. 4th of July celebration. Entered Alabama at Stevenson. Crossed Tennessee River at Bridgport, Chattanooga. Lookout Mountain at Caperton's ferry and Alley's ferry.

CHAPTER VII.

July 1863 to October 1863.

Battle of Chickamauga. Siege of Chattanooga.

CHAPTER VIII.

October 1863 to December 1863.

Battle of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. Campaign to Knoxville. Relieved Burnside's. Captured 1300 prisoners at Ringgold Gap in Taylors Ridge

CHAPTER IX.

December 1863 to February 1864

Went into Winter Camp at Blain's Cross Road. Honors of that winter Grey-backs, cold and hunger. Chuck-luck Hill Gambling. Reinlisted for three more years. Grand Patriotism shown by the boys. Returned to Chattanooga and started home on 30 day furlough. Reception at St. Louis.

CHAPTER X.

February 1864 to May 1 1864

Reception in Highland and 30 days at home. Second leave taking from Mother, and return to the front. Incident on the way. Reached the army in front at Cleveland, Tenn. on April 30th 1864

CHAPTER XI.

May 1864 to July 4, 1864

Started on Atlanta campaign. Fighting at Dalton and Resaca. Took possession of Tunnell Hill and Buzzard's Roost Gap. Took Rocky Faced Ridge. Charge at Oak Grove. Expedition to Rome, Ga. Fight at Alatoona Gap and Burnt Hickory. Engagement at Ackworth Station and New Hope Church a lone visit. Advanced on Kenesaw Mountain fought on June 27th and drove the enemy out of their stronghold and followed them through Marietta on the 4th of July with Banners flying.

CHAPTER XII.

July 4, 1864 to September 1, 1864

Crossed Chattahoocha river. Battle of Peach-tree creek. Gen. McPherson killed. Fight at Red Oak. Rough and Ready. Lovejoy Station and Jonesboro. Atlanta was taken September 2nd, 1864.

CHAPTER XIII.

September 1, 1864 to February 1865

Continue fighting beyond Atlanta. Went into camp at Atlanta. Received complimentary orders from our Commanding Gen. Returned to Chattanooga. Experience in Hospital. Friendship of confederates.

Return north to Pulaski, Tenn. Fought there and at Columbia and Spring Hill, and a hard fought battle at Franklin. Final rout of Hood's army at Nashville. December 15, & 16, and driven back across the Tenn. River. Went into camp at Huntsville & Decatur, Ala.

CHAPTER XIII.

February 1865 to June 1865

Started for Knoxville and East Tenn. Arrived at Blue Spring the birthplace of Andrew Johnson. News reached us Richmond had fallen. Lee had surrendered and the sad news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Return to Nashville. Expecting to go home. All none veterans are discharged. Started down the river to Cairo and down the Mississippi river to New Orleans, La.

CHAPTER XV.

June 1865 to January 1866

Nutting at Cairo Arrived at New Orleans. Hardships in Camp at New Orleans. Start across the Gulf to Texas. Cause for which we were sent to Texas. Camp life in Texas. Left Victoria on June 4, 1866 and returned to New Orleans and continued up the river. Arrived at St. Louis Jan. 19, 1866. Reception at St. Louis. Final Discharge and arrival at home.

DIGITIZER'S NOTE

CHAPTER I.

March, 1861, found me a lad of but sixteen years of age, employed in the general store of ex-Sheriff A. J. Gullick, at Millersburg, Bond county. I was born in Highland, Madison county, where my parents then resided, and had just left school. The election excitement of the fall preceding had, so far, in the main subsided that even the inaugural ceremonies of March the 4th had scarcely caused a ripple in our quaint, quiet little village and community. But on April 15th, when the ominous clouds were broken, the storm was upon us in all its fury; Sumpter had fallen. Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, the scene was changed. Many, however, continued to hope that each tomorrow would usher in a better state of affairs, but alas, as it proved, without foundation, for, with each succeeding day, the storm raged with increasing violence until the billows of affliction, as it were surged over our entire land. Some of our wiser statemen, it is true, still insisted that it would all pass over in ninety days, but nine times ninety passed and still it swept on and on like a veritable cyclone of distraction and death. The north had been loath to believe in the necessity for war and the conflict, when it came, found them almost wholly unprepared, but the President's call for help sounded the alarm and a wonderful uprising of the people followed.

Even in the little town of Millersburg a fair sized company was formed by Capt. G. N. Keener and James A. Dugger (afterwards Co. "C." 26th Ill. Vol. infantry), to which I was attached and was drilling regularly. I had joined unsolicited and had not as yet told my parents of my intentions. One of my duties, while in the employ of Mr Gullick, was to take produce to St. Louis by wagon and I thus had opportunities frequently, to see much of the excitement and stir not only in that city but in the several stations lying between as well, and I was thereby so completely thrilled that I could stand the suspense and inaction no longer. I could have easily gone to father with my desires, but the pain I knew it would cause mother often caused me to hesitate. My eldest brother, John, had always been my confident, and to him I frequently looked for advice. Naturally, upon my first visit home, I sought him. He was then teaching public school in Highland, and I told him that I had joined the Millersburg company and was going

to the war. He knew how I was built, and to dissuade me replied that he also had "made up his mind to go." and as he was "the oldest and as father was aged and helpless, we could not both go and leave him alone with mother and sister," strongly urging me to stay and take care of them. I knew he was not as strong and robust as I, although older, and felt I could stand the hardships better, so I told him that I was determined, and that as far as I was concerned he could go also if he saw fit to do so. Thus we went together to the old home where I hoped he would present the matter to father, but no, he knew the scene that would follow. After waiting until dinner was over, for I preferred to risk it on a full stomach, I "out with it." I do not remember just what I said but I know I made it short, for the others immediately claimed and held the floor. Father, pushing his chair back from the table surveyed me in cold surprise "What." said he sternly, "you, only sixteen years old. your education not half finished, talking of going to war and throwing all your hopes and future away on a southern battle field? No. I will not permit it; there are many who can better go than you. You are too young." "Yes father," I replied, "I know that I am young. I am very grateful to you also for ail that you have done and may intend doing for me, yet I can not help feeling that life is no dearer to me than to others, and I know that I can be spared from home much, better than many. I here are those going who will have to leave wife and children, and others there established business, each more serious than I. John can not go, he is not physically able, and you surely can not refuse that one of your boys should take a hand in assisting to save the Union." It required a great deal of courageous pleading to overcome his persistant opposition and mother's tearful pleadings, but, by dint of perseverance. I at last succeeded so far as to win a sort of negative consent from them.

That night I remained with my brother who was now more than ever my counselor. He told me that they were raising a company in Highland and it would be better for me to go with them as they were all old friends and acquaintances, and further, that as Dr. G. Rutz was going with them, he might be of special service to me. Upon going back to Millersburg I immediately threw up my situation and, returning home, joined the Highland company. We had Mr. Jacob Egen as our drill master and soon made quite a respectable showing. Mr. Rielliet, an ex-French officer, also put us through several drills in cavalry tactics, and I was almost persuaded to enter that department of service, but recanted as none of my comrades would accompany me.

Thus time rolled on. We had written several letters to the Governor of Illinois, through Mr. Cownover. who was then a member of the house of Representatives from this county, stating our readiness and anxiety to enter the field, but his answers uniformly informed us that his quota was already full and that he could find no place for us. We were not to be deterred, however, and after a short delay, at drill one Saturday afternoon in June, we decided to go to St. Louis, Missouri, where opportunities were more plentiful and the quota far from full.

When this had finally been determined upon and I informed my father that we were to start the following Tuesday, he became suddenly very stubborn and insisted that I should not go, and further, if I did, being under eighteen years of age, he would take steps to compel me to return. I admit that I. too, became stubborn in turn, and excitedly told him that if he compelled me to leave the Highland company I would run away and enlist in another where he could never find me. This seemed to startle him, for he knew how determined I had become. All day Monday he never left his bed, so seriously did it affect him, and, calling me to his bedside, told me that he was really ill and urged me to recant and remain at the old home Mother, too. was greatly affected and could not be prevailed upon to look on any other than the dark aide. She feared, also, that I would form habits and tastes different from those she had always endeavored to teach me, and forget God and manhood. But I was not to be deterred, and while I endeavored to quiet her fears and assured her that I could never wander from her teachings. I went about making preparations for my departure.

I visited the old church and Sabbath School and bid my companions and friends good-bye. Even here I met with opposition also, for while some, in a manner made sport of my enlisting, others freely proffered the prediction that I would soon tire of the service and return home, all of which only seemed to make me more and more persistent.

Monday I spent in making final arrangements as we were to leave very early Tuesday morning via the O. & M. R. R. at Trenton. The Vandalia road had not been built at that time. My parents, however, were still urging their objections upon me. and, as a last effort, knowing that I was a very sound sleeper. thought to cause me to oversleep myself in the hope that if I did not get off with the crowd I would give it up. Thus they caused me to remain up until very late, and when we did at last get off to bed all became suddenly quiet. But sleep did not bother me. I fully realized that in

enlisting I was tendering my very life as a voluntary offering upon my country's altar. I was not dazzled with any visions of vain glory or honor. It was patriotism alone as I felt it that had led me or the step that I was taking, for, while only a boy in years. I fully realized that privation, danger and even death itself would ever travel by my side; that, in bidding farewell to my old home and loved ones and the scenes and pleasures of my childhood, it might possibly be forever. Thus it was that as I lay, sleep came not to me. and I knew not how fast the hours passed until I heard the old clock strike the hour of three, Then I arose dressed myself quietly and descended to the sitting room below, where I found I was not the only one who had spent a sleepless night, for father and mother had both preceded me. And even now, as I recall the scene. I can not refrain from expressing the belief I then had, that while that old father still outwardly maintained his studied opposition, he felt not a little proud of the pluck of his boy Breakfast was soon over. when, calling me to him. father told me that although I went without his consent, he could not permit me to leave him and home without his blessing; "may the Lord be with you and may heaven bless you. my son." were his parting words. Ever fond of home and of my parents, the parting proved a sore trial for me. and worst was yet to come, for mother broke down completely. Weeping bitterly she held me closer and closer to herself as if it were not possible for her to let me leave her. But why dwell upon this parting scene? Affecting as it was, it was but one of many, and the thousands who have experienced such never can forget it, while those who did not can form no conception of the pain endured from any word painting that I might be able to place before them.

It was a most beautiful morning, and, arriving at headquarter I found everything already in readiness for our journey. Numerous conveyances were placed at our disposal and everything that loving hearts could prompt and willing hands execute. was gladly proffered Ere long we were without the city; ere long Highland and home relatives and friends were left behind us and we were off for the war. some never again to return

CHAPTER II.

It was but a short journey, and, arriving at St Louis, we were marched to the arsenal, now Lyon Park, where we were assigned tent quarters and were won experiencing our first pleasures of inactive army life We were bountifully supplied with quilts and

other bedding, but could not discover for some time which, the right or the left side, was the softest to lie upon with mother earth as our bed. and sore hips and ribs were the general complaint for several days

On account of the crowded condition of the arsenal we were removed to the Marine Hospital camps, and during our stay there had an opportunity to visit that institution with Dr Rutz, who afterward favored us with a very pointed practical lecture on the subject of dissolute living and its consequences

Our regiment had not yet been fully organized, but was under the supervision of Colonel Joliet At first it was to be named the "Swiss Regiment, then Fremont's Body Guards." but finally settled down to the plain "15th Missouri

During all this time of inactivity we experienced little further than the routine We were frequently ordered to change our quarters, however, and at last found ourselves lodged in a new brick building just opposite the arsenal, where the organization of our—Co B—was at last completed Mr John Weber, elected as its captain and our genial friend. Dr. G Rutz. appointed 1st assistant surgeon for the regiment. We now commenced drilling in earnest and were put under strict discipline. The skirmish drill was a specialty with Capt. Weber, and he devoted much time to its instruction, so much so. and so proficient did we become that Co. B was known as the skirmish company of the regiment during the entire service, and we were furnished with the short Enfield rifles with sword bayonets, while the other companies were armed with those known as the "long" Enfields For this reason also Company B was assigned position at the head of the regiment, which distinction over Company A caused much feeling for a time. But it soon passed over, for Company B had earned the distinction and ever proved its capacity afterwards to hold it.

On the 26th of July I received a letter from home announcing the death of my sister. Catharine, and while greatly desiring to obtain a furlough for a few days to return home. I was unable to procure one. and thereby experienced my first real distress and disappointment during the service. A few days later intelligence was received at headquarters that the secessionists of St. Louis had organized for the purpose of assaulting Gen'l Fremont, and Co. B was ordered out that night to guard his headquarters. We were divided into reliefs, each remaining on duty for two hours at a time. The streets in the neighborhood were blockaded and cannons placed in position for immediate use. But the enemy did not

appear and the night was one of little or no adventure. This was our first night out on actual duty. and while we did not participate in an engagement we tasted the sweets of active service and bunked upon a cord of macadam rock.

Company B was mustered into the service July 16th. and when the regiment had been fully organized we were moved up into the city to a vacant block, then named Camp Fremont, It was but a short time until the strictest military discipline was put in practice and we were confined within the boundaries of the camp by guards of our own men. a coincidence that would have proven rare some three years later. Our guards were very strict, there was no such thing as vetting a pass and no getting out without one. But this did not last long. It was soon observed that the company cook and his camp kettles were not included upon the restricted list, although he was frequently searched for fear that he might attempt to snuggle whisky into camp for the boys. The large camp kettles. however, were never inspected, and it was not long before they served the double purpose of passing the boys out and the whisky in.

Thus time passed until September 24th when we graduated and received our first "orders to tack baggage." and the real fun began. The nights were becoming cold and our knapsacks proved too small to accomodate the effects we thought indespensibly necessary to take with us. My God. whet loads we shouldered— what a contrast compared with those experienced in later years. But we shouldered our Saratogas, as it were, and marching down to the levee boarded the steamers "John Warner" and "White Cloud" and were, four days later, landed at Jefferson City. The river was very low and the trip extremely tedious.

Here we expected to see some service for it was understood that Jefferson City was threatened by the army of Gen'l Price, then jubilant over its dearly bought victory at Lexington. But the enemy came not. and on the fifth day of October we again broke camp and started on our campaign under Gen's Fremont and Siegel, marching eighteen miles, to Lookout Station, during the first day Oh. how we groaned under our heavily loaded knapsacks. A!, along the line of that, our first day's march, bed clothing was scattered in endless profusion. ample in quantity to have equipped royally several veteran regiments a few years later. I was obstinate, as usual, and had no intention to enrich the citizens along the line of our march, so I held to my property manfully. We were not yet provided with tents and night closed in upon us camped out upon the commons near the depot. Our comfort was

not materially enhanced during the night when it began to rain. Every available shelter was sought, but still it poured down in torrents. Together with a number of our boys, I crawled under the depot platform, but as the hogs had occupied it previously and rooted up the earth forming big holes, it soon became most horrible. The water poured in and about us. What a night and what a sight we presented the next morning. Can we ever forget Lookout Station. I pulled out my baggage, and, with the assistance of a comrade, wrung the quilts and blankets dry, for I still proposed to keep them company, It did not take us many days, however, to realize our mistake and reduce our baggage to a minimum quantity. We continued our march through California. Tipton and Coal Camp arriving at Warsaw, on the Orange river, on the 17th, where we were detained several days building a bridge by which to cross. During this time our rations run short and we suffered much from hunger.

As soon as the bridge was completed. on the 23d, we again took up our line of march and passing through Fairfield. Quincy and Boliver. arrived at Springfield on the 27th only a few hours too late to participate in that bloody charge led by Major Zagony (of Gen. Fremont's body guard.) upon the rebel cavalry stationed there, in which he succeeded in driving them from the city. We remained in Springfield until November 8th. when General Fremont having been released by General Hunter we were ordered to move toward Wilson's Creek, the scene of the late bloody battle between General Lyon's and Col. Siegel's forces and the rebel army under Generals Price and McCullough.

We did not at this time appreciate the change of commanders. General Fremont was dearly loved by all while General Hunter was unknown We were in the best of spirits however, and although we now firmly believed that we were to meet the enemy we had been seeking for two months, we had no doubt of our ability to whip him. In this we were however doomed to disappointment for the next day we were ordered to retrace our steps to Springfield, where we found that the opposing army had broken up camp and was marching rapidly toward Rolla, Mo. Our division. Siegel's, moved in the opposite direction for the purpose of deceiving the enemy in regard to the real movements of the army and on the 13th countermarched and followed the main army towards Rolla, passing through Buffalo and Lebanon, crossing the Gasconade river and arriving at Rolla on the 20th without being materially molested. We camped some four miles from the city, where we remained during the winter, or rather two

months of it. with the vague feeling that we would have to return home without having ever seen a real battle.

The winter was a hard one and we passed it under common tents. We cleaned large patches of timber to keep our camp fires burning, and suffered much sickness. Many of our comrades were called to "that home not made with hands," while others became badly broken down in health, and were discharged for disability. During the winter I received a letter from my father, stating that as I had enlisted without his consent and was still under 18 years of age, he could procure my discharge provided I was tired of the service. But I answered positively in the negative and further informed him that life and health being spared me I was as determined as ever to serve to the end.

While lying thus in camp near rolla. we received our first four months pay—fifty-two dollars— each drawing fifty dollars in interest bearing greenbacks and two dollars in gold. We were satisfied however, and promptly signed the roll.

CHAPTER III.

On the 1st of February. 1862. General Curtis having assumed command, we again received marching orders. It was a warm, pretty day, but as the frost had but just left the ground the mud was nearly knee deep. We marched only 8 miles. We were now better equipped and were accompanied by a large wagon train. Owing to the impassable condition of the roads the train failed to reach camp however and we were compelled to put in the night without rations or the shelter of our tents. We were not long however in turning in upon a temporary bed made of fence rails covered with old corn stocks with our blankets and our coats as coverings; while a portion of the boys made a night of it about the fires. During the night it turned colder and snowed heavily. It was at this time that our comrade. Wendolin Trapp, deserted us. He was again however mustered into the service on the 26th of the September following and became attached to Co. H. 82d Ill.

Our wagon train having not yet put in an appearance when we arose the next morning a little squad was formed to look it up. Retracing our steps we found it stuck frozen fast in the mud some four miles back. By the use of the ax the frozen ground was soon trenched out and in a short time the train was in camp. The boys at once set about preparing breakfast, but before many had succeeded the morning having already well advanced, the

command was given to "fall in." It was a comical sight and the boys were considerably disgruntled over their failure to secure breakfast and a good strong cup of coffee after the fast the evening before and the bitter cold of the night. It was not to occur again though for it was the universal resolve that hereafter our marching speed should not prove faster than the ability of the train to follow. On our second day we only covered four miles, camping on the banks of the Gasconade river. It remained fearfully cold during the entire day and the snow showed no signs of melting. We struck our tents, but as the ground was so frozen we were unable to drive a peg and were compelled to place rocks, chunks of wood &c., upon the edges to hold them up and out. Fires were soon burning in the center of every tent they were of the large pattern used early in the war—and had it not been for the melting of the snow and frost in the ground we would soon have been most comfortably housed. But horror of horrors what mud. The tramping of so many feet about the enclosure together with the warmth of the fire soon worked it up until it was a perfect mire and we were compelled to go to the woods in quest of brush &c., for flooring and beds. When we had thus at last completed our quarters we were rewarded with a most pleasant night's sleep.

The next day we continued our march. The weather moderated considerably. the snow disappeared But not so with the mud. It was dreadful and every evening the same difficulty arose relative to our beds. Our troubles did not end here for when we left Rolla each was provided with a new pair of shoes, and nearly every pair proved worthless. The soles ripped from the uppers and we were compelled to tie them to our feet with strings to hold them in position. The mud. sand and water worked into them and our feet soon presented a horrible condition. We crossed the Big Pine river, journeyed on through Wainsville, crossed the Gasconade again and finally on the 6th arrived at Lebanon Here we remained in camp for three days and taking up the m.arch again reached Marchfield on the 11th. On the 13th we again returned to Springfield where the rebel General. Price, had concentrated his forces with the supposed intention of giving us battle. But on our approach he beat a hasty retreat and we entered the city without serious opposition, our troops occupying the barracks quarters his troops had only evacuated the night before. This was the beginning of an excited chase, with our regiment continually in the advance. We passed through Little York. Martensville. Caseville and Keetsville in quick succession, reaching Camp Halleck. Benton county. Arkansas, on the 18th where the persuit was abandoned and a few days rest granted us. We had been on a forced march for four

consecutive days during which time the weather was most galling, and storm after storm of snow and rain fell, and skirmishes with the enemy was an everyday occurrence. We remained in Camp Halleck until March 3d. when we were moved to Bentonville, where on the 4th Captain Weber with his company was detailed for an expedition, the object of which was to intercept a company of rebel recruits that were known to be making their way from north Missouri to the rebel army.

VanDorn Price and McCullough, with their commands, were marching forward to give our army battle, as we afterward learned, and it soon transpired that our little band was cut off by the rebel forces. This compelled us to make a forced march of some eighty miles in two days, (the 5th and 6th). We were fortunate enough in securing the services of a "native" guide, but our line of march was not strewn with roses. Foot paths and byways were rough, rocky and broken, and the country mountainous. Our feet were soon badly blistered and many suffered sorely. In fact some thirteen of our comrades who were unable to keep up with the command were compelled to suffer themselves to be captured by the enemy. They were sent to Van Buren and Fort Smith, where they were soon afterwards paroled and sent back, while the main portion of the company who withstood the ordeal reached our army in safety on the night of the 6th. The confederates, we learned soon after our return, had already formed and opened their attack upon our army the terrible battle of Pea Ridge had begun. The possession of our wagon trains and to cut us off from Springfield and St. Louis, was evidently the object of the enemy and consequently our rear was the first attacked. General Siegel was in command here and successfully withstood the attack although the assaulting force was much stronger in point of numbers. Early the next morning, the first and probably the fiercest attack was made upon our center under the command of Gen. Jeff C. Davis, by the rebel General. McCullough. General McCullough led the charge in person and being a very determined as well as courageous commander made a gallant effort, renewing the attack again and again at Cross Tunber Hollow, a point held by Colonel Carr, supported by Colonel Osterhaus and the 12th Mo. It was a desperate struggle and the costs were great, for Gen McCullough, himself, fell mortally wounded. With this conflict at Cross Tunber Hollow, the engagement of a second day closed, and neither side, as we understood it. could with much consistency, claim the results to be much more than a draw, while each, as it afterward proved, were evidently eager to renew the conflict very early the next morning.

It was at this time that General Siegel with our division, which composed the left wing, charged the rebel's right, and turning it succeeded in reaching their rear. Our center and right followed suit most opportunely and in a very short time the entire rebel army was in flight, although they mustered 35,000 to our 25,000. Our division pursued the retreating army as far as Keitsville when we were relieved by the cavalry who drove them into the mountains. This defeat was most thorough and complete and their loss of Generals McCullough and McIntosh, both of whom were killed, was felt for months afterwards by the confederates. One of the most horrible features of the battle—and all battles are horrible—was that many of our comrades who fell dead and wounded upon the field, were found to have been scalped by the Indians under command of the rebel General, Pike. This discovery aroused the most bitter feelings in the ranks and loud and determined were the expressions for retaliation. Our losses, killed and wounded, numbered about 1,400. while the confederate losses reached upwards of 2,000 besides the 1,000 prisoners captured.

We remained in the vicinity of Pea Ridge until about the 5th of April. We buried the dead, the Grey as well as the Blue, and cared for the wounded and prisoners as best we could. The army was then marshaled and we retraced our steps through Keitsville, camping on the banks of the Flat river on the 7th. We reached Galena on the 10th and crossed the river on a bridge made of wagons — stepping from one to the other. On the 11th we camped on the banks of Bull Creek and arrived at Forsythe on the White river on the 12th. Passing Swan creek. Big Beaver creek. Spring creek. Clarks Mill on the north fork of the White river, we arrived at West Plain on the 27th. Continuing on our journey something like a hundred miles into Arkansas, we reached Evening Post in due time, where we remained in camp until the 13th of May. Feeling much refreshed we again took the road, passed through Southville and Jackson, crossed Strawberry. Spring and Sevenpoint rivers arriving at Current river on the 16th. At Current river one of the saddest accidents yet experienced occurred. The river was crossed on a flat boat ferry which was operated by a rope stretched from bank to bank, securely fastened. The current was very swift and it happened as one of the crews was making the passage, all those placed to handle the rope let loose at the same time and before they could recover their hold the rope was beyond their reach. In their effort to regain the lost rope the boat was capsized and five of our boys were drowned before they could be rescued. Two were brothers, who, together with their father, were serving in the same regiment, and the distress of that father was

most pitiable to behold. He had schooled himself to the thought of possibly loosing them in battle, but to see them drowned without the power of aiding them, seemed almost to unman him and the pall hovered over him for many days. On the 17th we passed Pittman's ferry and crossed the Little Black river and on the 19th arrived at Greenville, on the St. Francisco river, still eighty miles distant from Cape Girardeau, where we arrived on the 22nd. On the 23d we boarded the steamer "Denmark" and proceeded down the Mississippi to Cairo, thence up the Ohio and Tennessee rivers, passing Ft. Henry and Pittsburg Landing on the 26th. The day following we marched up to within supporting distance of the main army, then besieging Corinth. Mississippi. Three days later we were formed in line of battle and moved forward some two miles to Farrington, where we laid on arms all night, expecting orders to charge every moment. It was evident that the rebels were evacuating Corinth and General Hallick did not order the expected advance until morning when General Osbath. our brigade commander, was sent in pursuit with one regiment of cavalry and a battery, leaving his infantry in the rear, and captured and destroyed two railroad trains loaded with supplies, at Boonville, on the Mobile At Ohio railroad. We viewed the wreck upon our arrival, soon after the enemy was gone, when on account of the bad condition of the roads the pursuit, in a few days, was abandoned. On the 12th day of June we returned to Rienzi, Mississippi, and went into camp where we remained until the 31st of August. We composed only one brigade at this time and our duties were severe. While one half of our number were on picket duty the other half were put to work on the fortifications. One day on picket, the next at work. We were constantly harassed by the enemy as well. The country about Reinzi was swampy and the weather at the time was sultry, so much so that many of our boys sickened and died. It was while camped at Reinzi that I first suffered indisposition, but my dread of the army surgeon and hospital, materially assisted in keeping out of their hands and I never failed to respond for duty on call. During our stay at Reinzi Geo. Flach deserted us. He also failed to deliver a number of packages of money placed in his hands by certain comrades to be handed to friends in Highland.

During our stay at Rienzi my brother John visited us. bringing with him substantial proofs that our friends at home had not forgotten us. I had a few square meals of mother's cooking which I enjoyed beyond expression. While with us my brother inquired whether I would not now be willing to return, and I as promptly responded, no. He was with us but a few days and his visit was the

source of great pleasure, not only to myself but to the entire company. About this time Cincinnati and Covington was threatened by the enemy and our brigade consisting of the 36th and 44th Illinois, and the 2nd and 15th Missouri, under command of Col. Greusel. of the 36th Ill., was ordered thither to protect it from assault. We marched thirteen miles to Corinth on the 7th day of September. The day was very hot and water was such a scarcity enroute that when we reached our camp in the evening we were almost wild with thirst. Ere long numerous impromptu wells, two feet deep, which rapidly filled with swamp water, were provided. Our thirst was thus relieved, but the evil results of drinking the vile stuff harassed many of us for some days afterwards. I was seriously affected with it, and was unable to secure medical attention for several days. On the 15th we traveled by rail to Columbus, Kv., where we embarked via a steamer for Cairo, Ill., where we in due time landed. It was our first return to Illinois soil since our enlistment, and we became very jubilant. We tarried here but a short time, when we took passage via the Illinois central for the north and east, and this was probably the happiest experience of our service. At every station we were surrounded by crowds of enthusiastic people, men, women and children and greeted most heartily with cheers and song. They provided us bountifully with the best the country afforded, and our cars were literally loaded down with choice eatables, fruits and confectionary. The small boys also played an important role, for they would call for our canteens and return them bountifully filled with "mountain dew" while cigars were never so abundant afterward. This enthusiasm and hospitality was even surpassed, if such could be, as we neared Cincinnati. Oh, how I regretted my inability to enjoy the feast, for I had not as yet recovered from the effects of too much swamp water in fact, I was gradually growing worse.

Upon our arrival at Sandoval where we changed cars, taking the O. & M. train, many of the boys cast longing glances toward the northwest. They were no doubt thinking that possibly some of them might never get so near to home and friends again. Their musing were of short duration, however, for soon we were journeying rapidly eastward, amid the continued plaudits and cheering of the people all along our route. Nor was the enthusiasm less expressive as we neared Cincinnati; but on the contrary it seemed to increase, for when we reached that city it seemed as if the very heavens resounded so great was the joy expressed. We were hailed the veterans of Pea Ridge, and were recognized much more than the new recruits then forming under the second call of

1862. while confidence was expressed on every hand in our ability to defend their city from the destruction threatened. We were royally banqueted at the market place and later surrounded and almost literally carried to their private homes. Their best rooms and parlors were opened unto us and every comfort freely tendered. Would it be thus today should some of these self same boys, broken down old veterans happen to drop in upon them — possibly circumstances sometimes alter cases.

The result was what might easily have been foreseen. The commands became separated, the little army almost demoralized and the officers found it no easy task to gather their respective commands together the next morning. As fast as they were caroled. however, they were sent over the river to Covington, Ky.; while, and I regret to be compelled to state it. some were never secured but took the opportunity to desert; among them were John Wanner. U. Hochuhel and Scheible and John Huser of our company.

We remained in the vicinity of Covington until the 17th. when it became known that the enemy had withdrawn from our front and was moving down upon Louisville. The boys almost universally regretted this manuver for they had promised themselves the pleasure of interviewing the enemy here. I am sure they would have made a gallant effort to prove their fighting qualities to the people of Cincinnati, had they had the opportunity so to do. Thus on the 17th the brigade boarded the steamer Poland, headed for Louisville. To my great discomfort I was not one of them, for I had become so much debilitated that I had been sent to the hospital, for I truly dreaded becoming a charge in one of them, the doctors here proved coarse and almost inhuman while the nurses were even worse, and it was not long before I resolved to risk it with the boys again, rather than to suffer in bondage. Accordingly a few days later I managed to escape the institution and securing passage down the river, joined my command at Louisville.

While in Louisville our little army was reorganized and the 73rd and 88th Illinois, the 24th Wisconsin and the 2nd and 15th Missouri formed the 36th brigade of the army of Ohio with Col. Shaffer, of the 2d Missouri in command, while Gen. P. H. Sheridan commanded the eleventh division

On the 1st of October we embarked upon our memorable campaign through Kentucky after Gen. Bragg. I was still unable to walk or assume my duties in the ranks but could not be persuaded

to remain behind, The ambulances were over crowded and my only alternate lav in taking passage aboard the old rough six-mule army wagon, which together with the rough roads, did not promise very beneficial results for me. But I had the great satisfaction of being in camp with the boys every night and enjoyed many favors at their hands On the 7th I remained with them during the day for we marched but five miles and on the 8th I participated in the battle of Perryville, in which they took a hand. It was supposed that neither Gen. Buell nor Bragg desired to fight here, but it so happened that our corps (McCook's) came within striking distance and the clash was inevitable. McCook's and part of Thomas' corps alone, of the federals, engaged in the bout and were commanded by Generals, Rousseau. Jackson. Gilbert and Sheridan. The battle opened about daylight; in fact the skirmishing began while the moon was yet casting her soft pale light upon the fields about us. Nine rebel batteries opened fire upon us. followed by charges most desperate by the infantry. Our division at this time numbered many new troops but they never flinched, and won the applause of their then old veteran comrades, and it was the word often afterwards that the 2nd and 15th Missouri initiated them. They proved valuable soldiers and made a fitting record during the years of service afterward.

CHAPTER IV.

Yet while the enemy had been completely routed, they evinced no sign of discontinuing the engagement. Their artillery was soon brought into action again upon our center, held by Gen'l Rousseau, whose division resented the fire bravely. Thus for over three hours the conflict continued, battery after battery being brought into action until about two o'clock p.m., when the engagement became general. An hour later General Bragg led a gallant infantry charge in person. He made a desperate effort to secure an advantage, but was repulsed with heavy loss by General Rousseau's division. Again, after concentrating his forces, a like charge was made by General Buckner on our left wing, held by General Jackson, and, for a time, it seemed almost successful. The 21st Wisconsin, the 80th Illinois and the 150th Ohio gave way; Captain Parson's battery was lost and Jackson's whole division was soon in flight. It was but for a short time, however, for they immediately reformed and stood firm, although two brave generals. Jackson and Terrill fell—died in the conflict. General Bragg, during this time, was also active and. recovering from the effects of his first repulse. made a

second attack upon General Rousseau's division. His legions, as they moved upon us in formidable columns, presented a most inspiring appearance. They advanced down the hill from a bit of timber upon its summit in full view, and their long lines of gleaming bayonets were only interspersed by their battle flags, while General Bragg, mounted on a fine snow-white horse, surrounded by his staff, led the van. As soon as they came within reach of our artillery we opened a deadly fire upon them, following suit in quick succession with our muskets. The division bravely held its ground, although over one-third of their number fell dead and wounded about them, until compelled to break their front from the heat of a large barn in their very midst filled with burning hay. This caused them to waver, permitting the enemy to turn their left flank and gain the rear of the left center. Colonel Lytle, of the 10th Ohio, fell in this engagement. and the rebels, swinging a large force further to the rear, at once attacked Gen. Sheridan's (our) division, then constituting the right and left center. For a while it seemed as if all was lost. They charged up the hill apparently greatly elated over their success, but were woefully unprepared for the deadly reception awaited them. It was a veritable blood-bath, and halting, they were soon routed — greatly demoralized. Our other divisions having by this time again reformed. the battle continued to wage all along the line lasting until sundown. Again and again did the rebels attempt to dislodge us and darkness alone terminated the dreadful scene of blood and carnage. We slept on arms that dreadful night while the confederates, withdrawing from our front, retreated through Powells Gap into Tennessee. We did not attempt to pursue them and the battle was not, in any manner, a decisive one. Although we had succeeded in driving General Bragg from Kentucky, his invasion was a partial success and of much benefit to the southern cause, for he succeeded in securing 1,500 wagon loads of provisions and clothing for his army. 1,000 good horses and mules and 5,000 head of beef cattle, besides other plunder taken from private individuals at Lexington. Frankfort, Danville, Harrodsburg and other towns and plantations, and the slow movements of General Buell permitted him to get away with all of it including some 300 prisoners. In killed and wounded our lose was about 6,000 men. It was evident that the government was dissatisfied with General Buell's work in Kentucky for he was scon thereafter relieved and General Rosecrans placed in command (Oct 30th).

When the excitement of the battle was over I found myself more dead than alive, while my exposure to the chill and cold of the nights following affected me most seriously. Upon our army

resuming the march I was again compelled to resort to the army wagon for passage. I was perched way up on p of all the other baggage and never once enjoyed the comforts of the ambulance. My comrades were very anxious about me and would come to the tram every evening for me. Leaving Perryville on the day after the battle in slow pursuit of Bragg, we passed Harrodsburg Cave Spring House. Brainsville. Danville. Lancaster and Pottersville, arriving at Crab Orchard on the 15th On the 20th we started to return via Pottersville. Lancaster. Biainsville. Danville. Parksville. Bradfordsville, Lebanon. New Market. Salem. Somersville. Butler. Horsewell Station and Glasgow Junction, reaching Bowling Green November 1st.

By this time I was so badly affected that I was placed in the hospital. It was a new building, only partially finished. We had no beds, no bed clothing and no fires. We were compelled to lie upon the floor with just such baggage as we had. and as I had thrown mine away on the preceding marches I was not very comfortably fixed I can assure you. As I was now passed walking and had to be carried like a child, many of my comrades called and bid me good bye. as I afterwards learned, they thought for the last time. The nurses here were all soldiers, unlike those at Cincinnati, and were very kind to me. My captain volunteered the unnecessary admonition that I must not attempt to follow them again or they would be forced to bury me by the roadside. The Orderly Sergeant said, stay here quietly, don't fret, and you will soon get well, while my "bunkie," Adolph Fass,* brought me a new woolen blanket and an army overcoat and told me to see to it that I got home or I would surely die. Thus they all shook hands and bid me farewell. Dr. RuU resigned at this time and soon afterwards took his departure for home.

The doctor in charge of the hospital, as I understood it. was a civilian and was paid a stated sum for each inmate per diem by the government. He was unquestionably very poorly supplied with medicine, and our rations were the same as those we had always drawn from the government—salt pork and crackers. Many of the inconveniences to which I was subjected I can not even mention here, and suffice it to say that it was necessary that I be carried out at least once an hour, day and night, cold as it was then in the month of November.

I wrote home stating my condition, as some of my comrades had already done, and it was not long before my dear old mother was by my side. The meeting I will not attempt to describe, but I can not even today refrain from expressing what love it must have

been that would prompt an old lady like her in those perilous and dangerous times, to leave a quiet home and its pleasures and make the trip from Highland. Ill., to Bowling Green. Kentucky, to attend her wayward soldier boy. But here she was. and what a comfort. She soon secured private lodging in a family near by. although she did not have much use of it for herself. It was an opportunity for cooking suitable food for me that she sought, as she soon expressed the belief that proper diet alone was the all-important medicine for me. She also applied for a sick furlough, as she supposed it would be easier secured at this time than later when I should become convalescent But all her pleadings were in vain. She next asked the privilege of removing me to her private quarters where she could better attend me than in the hospital, where we lay on the floor crowded into solid rows. To this the doctor consented, after exacting from her a promise to report at the hospital for me every morning at a certain hour until I was able to do so myself. Accordingly I was removed to my new quarters, which, while very expensive to my mother, proved very beneficial to me. I soon began to rally under her efficient nursing and care, although she would not allow me to take one bit of the medicine daily left by the doctor. She had brought her own homeopathic medicines with her. It was not long before I was able to personally report to the doctor every morning, and he thought I was doing nicely.

Thus several weeks passed by and I was beginning to feel something like myself again. My mother had now been away from home for some time and had been put to considerable expense, as everything, board and lodging included, was very high, while the fact that she was from the North and had an invalid soldier son on her hands did not tend to make the charges less exorbitant. She now began to consider returning home, and told me that she could not stay with me much longer, nor could she consent to leave me behind as she feared that upon my return to the hospital or field before I had permanently recovered, would only tend to bring upon me a relapse. She displayed a citizen's suit of clothes she had brought with her, and informed me that she intended to take me back with her. I insisted that I could not leave without a furlough, but she would not listen and asserted that father would attend to all the consequences. I admit that I now had a strong desire to return for a time, but I had entered the service with only one motive, that of patriotism, and I very positively told her that I would not consent to thus leave the service after what I have experienced and suffered without either an honorable discharge or a furlough. At her solicitations. however. I made every effort to

secure a furlough, and failing, became greatly discouraged. The hospital steward was a clever gentleman belonging to an Indiana Regiment, and I conceived the idea that if I could secure my descriptive roll, then in his possession. I could take a short "ticket of leave" and prevent, at the same time, an adverse report being made to my regiment. I knew that it was improper for him to let me have it. but I had become so worked up with the idea that I determined to make the attempt at all hazards. Accordingly the next morning I remained at the hospital until after the doctor had left, and approaching the steward, with whom I had become well acquainted, requested that he let me have my descriptive roll. He seemed surprised and inquired what I wanted with it I promptly informed him that it was my purpose to take it to headquarters and attempt to secure a short furlough that I might return home for a short time with my mother, who intended to return in a few days. He was on the alert, however, and while appreciating my situation and favoring a leave of absence for me. objected to letting me have the document, but preferred to send it down to headquarters for me. To this I objected and told him that I could not get immediate attention that way and that I was unable to move about much and could not stand to wait in line for hours for my turn. That if I had the document with me I could secure an immediate audience and have the matter settled. It required a great deal of pleading, but he finally, very reluctantly. placed the coveted document in my hands and I started back as rapidly as I was able — not to headquarters, but to my mother's room, and almost shouted with joy as I got within hearing distance. I was soon robed in citizen's dress and we were ready for our journey. Our landlord had been very agreeable and courteous to us during our stay with him and insisted upon doing the clever thing in drinking to my health on our departure. It was real old cherry bounce and tended greatly to steady my nerves in my excitement. I proceeded immediately to the Provost Marshall's office and demanded a pass for Louisville, for in those days even private (?) citizens could not travel without one. The story I was prepared to tell I need not repeat, for I was asked no questions. The pass was readily secured and the next train found mother and I aboard, bound for Louisville and home. We had but just taken our seats in the car. however, when, looking through the window, I discovered the hospital steward, who had intrusted my descriptive roll to me, standing on the platform. My spirits dropped suddenly and I felt that it was all up with me, but he failed to recognize me, to my great relief, and the train pulled out—our journey was begun.

* Mr. Fass and I were "bunkies," as we called it. We were mates, almost inseparable during our time in the field, and shared each other's weal and woes. We kept our dairies together, and to him am I indebted for much valuable assistance in this "little" story of private's rrcollections. We enlisted and were mustered out together; we have lived as neighbors almost during the years that have followed, and it grieves me sorely to stale that he is no more. He died at his home near Trenton March 3d, 1888. May his sleep be peaceful his waking glorious.

— M. MARCOOT.

Soldiers passed through the train at nearly every station examining passes, etc. Once they demanded a pass for my mother and came very near detaining her. I explained who she was and stated that she had been down to Bowling Green on a visit to her son. a sick soldier, and that when I procured my pass at the Provost Marshal's office there, I was informed that ladies were not required to have one, so they let us pass.

We arrived at Louisville without further incident, and secured lodging. During the night I was taken very sick again. The excitement and the fatigue of the journey, together with the jolting of the cars, was too much for me and we were compelled to lay over for two days before I was able to resume my journey homeward. We purchased through tickets to St. Louis, because they were cheaper than those to Trenton, where we expected to leave the train. We neglected to so inform the conductor, however, and as Trenton was reached late in night we came very near being carried beyond, as we were both asleep when the station was called. We were compelled to lie over in Trenton until late the next day for the hack that was sent from Highland for us. It was very cold and I was glad that mother had permitted me to bring my soldier clothes with me as my new blue overcoat proved very comfortable on the journey.

Arriving finally at the old home. I was most joyfully received by my father, brother and sisters, but I missed one face from the little circle, sister Catherine, who had died, the proceeding year, and since I had been in the service. I was in no condition to enjoy my reception, however, for I was very ill and the journey had fatigued me sorely. Inflammation followed soon after, and my life for several weeks was almost despaired of. Dr. Rutz attended me constantly and he, and many other friends, who sat up with me night after night could tell what I suffered better than I can myself. Often during this time it took four of them to hold me in my bed,

so intense was the pain and so delirious had I become.

I recovered, but very slowly, after a time. Indeed it was feared that my disease had become chronic and that I never could permanently get over it. As I became stronger I took to horseback riding. My father was anxious also that I should attend school and I finally consented. I was very attentive in my studies and had a most excellent instructor — the late B. E. Hoffman—and made considerable advancement during my convalescence. My term was a short one, however. only a few weeks. I had been in correspondence with my regiment all the time and was still carried on the company's roll as "sick in the hospital at Bowling Green." as they had no other official Report of me. Dr. Rutz, my brother and my officers constantly advised me to remain at home untill I had permanently recovered, but I was not satisfied thus, and about the first of April I took advantage of President Lincoln's proclamation, relative to soldiers absent from their commands without leave, though I did not need it, and started South. I reported at Brenton barracks, St. Louis, and was. on the following day. transferred to the Hickory street hospital, as sick with diarrhoea. I was much dissatisfied with the turn things had taken and wanted to get back to my regiment, but the officers in charge would not permit me to leave before the first of June.

In order that my comrades may have this little history of our regiment unbroken, I will now take up their story at Bowling Green. Ky.. where I left them, and follow them as best I can from what data I have at hand gathered from various comrades, but mainly from my old friend and "Bunkie," Adolph Fass. who only recently died at Trenton.

They left Bowling Green under command of Gen. Roeecrans on the 4th of November, and took up their line of march toward Nashville, Tenn., to relieve the garrison at that place and reopen communication with Louisville. They passed through Union Station. Franklin. Mitchelville, Whitehill and Boalsville striking camp at Edgfield. within one mile of Nashville, on the 7th. On the 14th the regiment was ordered to guard a large train back to Mitchelville, some thirty· seven miles distant, returning on the 18th. On the 22nd they broke camp and marched through Nashville, thence to Mill Creek, where on the 22d they broke camp and marched through Nashville, thence to Mill Creek, where on the 23d they arranged a fine camp and held a dress parade. On the 24th the 15th Mo. were on picket duty, while the 2nd Mo. went on a reconnoitering expedition and had one man killed and two wounded. On the 20th the 15th Mo. went out at four o'clock a. m.

When just outside the pickets Co. C formed a skirmish line, in which manner they advanced forward about eight miles meeting very little resistance from the enemy. The sutler arrived in camp on this day also, and made glad the hearts of the boys On the 29th the 15th served on picket and on the 30th a terrible rain and storm swept over the country around and about them.

On the first day of December they were mustered for two months pay. No wonder the Sutler had come, he had smelt the mouse. On the 15th a heavy snow fell which did not add to the comfort of the boys.

On the 6th the 15th was sent out foraging, on the 7th an inspection and dress parade was had, and on the 8th they resumed picket duty. On the 9th they were relieved by the 73d Ill., who. soon afterward. were driven in by the enemy. The 15th turned out immediately, and skirmishing all over the fields, failed to see or discover a trace of the boys in Gray. On the 10th the 15th were on picket duty again, but before night were relieved by Davis' division, and were then formed in line of battle In this position they remained during the night and the following day. In fact they were kept thus in readiness for action tor several days On the thirteenth they had another inspection and dress parade. and a heavy cold rain fell constantly on the 15th. The 17th was spent on picket duty, the 24th Wisconsin relieving them on the following morning The 20th was ushered in by considerable canonading by both the Blue and the Gray and the 15th were again drawn up in line for battle, holding then position thus during the entire night. On the 21st they were moved forward on picket, but were again relieved on the day following by the 24th Wis. They were then sent out to forage with a large train. They drove back the rebel pickets, found forage, loaded their wagons and returned. The "rebs" harrassed and followed them, and succeeded in capturing fourteen men of the 22nd Ill. who were on picket. The entire army was kept under arms that night and early the next day, the 24th the tents were taken down and camp broken up. On the 25th the tents were again placed in position, only to be ordered down on the 26th, when the command started on an expedition, with three days rations and no baggage. They advanced ten miles driving the enemy steadily before them, amid a perfect deluge of rain. Reaching Nashville they were attached to the 2d brigade, third division, twentieth army corps. Col. Schaffer commanding. Gen. Sheridan still held command of the division and Gen. McCook of the corps. On the 26th they again moved forward advancing some six miles, and camped or rather stopped near the town of Tryune.

It continued to rain and sleet night and day and being baggageless the boys suffered much from cold. The 20th was spent in camp, and the guns were ordered shot off and cleaned up for inspection. On the 29th they moved forward again, some ten miles, or within five miles of Murfreesboro, where camp was struck but no fires permitted. All were wet, cold, tired and hungry, and but very little rest was obtained during the night.

On the 30th, move forward, was again the order but the enemy was soon encountered. They fought their way all day. driving the "rebs" before them until they reached Stone river where they took up their final position. The Confederate line extended from Murfreesboro on their right, and to Franklin Pike on their left numbering fully 50,000 soldiers, under command of General Bragg, while Gen. Rosecrans, who took the offensive only commanded an army of 47,000 men During the night the boys were permitted to stand around small fires. and by daylight the next morning the battle was on. The left flank, held by McCook's corps, composed of the divisions of Davis, Sheridan and Johnson, were first attacked by the combined forces of Cheatham, Cleburne and McConn. under command of the latter. The charge, to say the least, was gallant, stubborn and so effective that a portion of Johnson's division broke. In vain did the officers attempt to stop the stampede but they had become panic stricken and fled in every direction, thereby permitting the enemy to secure a better position on their flank and rear, Gen. Rosecrans, realizing the danger, immediately sent a brigade and a battery from Palmers and Negley's divisions to their aid, but even this reinforcement failed and they too, after a short resistance, were overcome by the frantic and now victory confident enemy, and soon joined the general flight. The panic of Johnson's division was also communicated to Davis' and ere long the entire right wing was in stampede They were driven thus for full two miles amid great slaughter, and it seemed the day was almost irretrievably lost to our troops. But the trouble had only began The sudden disappearance of Johnson's and Davis' divisions left Sheridan's division, to which the 15th Mo. was attached, seriously exposed This advantage the enemy was not slow to take, and followed up their prestige by vigorous attacks upon our unsupported division. For a considerable time, however, under the magic influence of General Sheridan and Col. Schaffer the division withstood their ferocious attacks and succeeded. in the meantime, in slowly turning its right flank. Fully 25 per cent of the command fell dead and wounded upon the field about them before they wavered, and even then they never broke their connection with Gen. Thomas, who commanded the center, which

had also become engaged in the melee by the closed columns of the enemy rolling in upon them like the high waves of the ocean. It was with great skill that Gen. Rosecrans now sought to stop the flood gates that were now upon him. He quickly posted his regiments and batteries upon the pike in his front and made ready to receive his visitors with perfect showers of shot and shell as soon as they should make their appearance from the recesses of the brush so abundant in their front, while much credit is also due, in this connection, to Gen. Thomas for the bravery and effective service rendered in retrieving the issue of the day. So quietly and coolly did he ride along his line that his very presence lent encouragement to his men and urged them more than any command he could have given, to withstand the assault. As still almost as death itself had become all in line, when first they heard the "rebel yell." At last the moment had come, the command was given and a battle that no pen can describe was waged. The volleys of musketry, and the shot and shell of the artillery that the enemy now received, caused them to reel like drunken men and with fatal effect. So fearful was the bombardment that the earth itself seemed to tremble and whole lines of the enemy were mowed down liken unto the grain before the sickle. Amid such a hail of iron and lead no army could long survive and they soon began to weaken, then giving way. Left whole regiments, as it were, dead and wounded upon the deserted field. Such sights of carnage and blood our boys had never yet beheld, as they were compelled to witness while driving the enemy back over the same ground that they had driven them earlier in the day. Until finally the same positions were secured as were held by the different forces early in the morning. And this was New Year's eve.—what memories it recalls! The fighting, however, did not cease until late in the night when the exhausted troopers sank in their tracks, as it were, and tried to rest, for they knew enough of war to know that the end was not yet. And that the morrow would witness a renewal of the undecided test at arms—victory or defeat. Such a New Year's eve, who of you will ever forget it? So cold and yet so hot.

On the following day, New Year's, neither side seemed very anxious to renew hostilities. They were not busy making "New Year's Calls," for both had hosts of wounded comrades needing their care, while many of the Blue and Gray who had fallen were to be buried. Such a New Year's day may none ever live to see again.

Gen. Bragg, in his official report of the 31st of December, claimed that he had captured two federal Brigadier Generals,

4,000 men, 34 pieces of artillery and 200 Wagons, admitting also that his own losses were very great.

During the first day of this memorable January many changes were made in the arrangements and positions of our troops. Gen. VanCleve's division of Crittenden's corps were so placed that its left rested on the Lebanon pike, while its right reached Ligtle's creek. Gen. Palmer's troops were stationed east of Nashville Pike, Rousseau's division between the pike and the railroad, while our corps, under McCook, joined Rousseau on the right, and Neyley's troops formed the reserve.

On Friday morning, January 2d, the battle was again resumed, the enemy opening fire first on the batteries of Gen. Rousseau's Division, commanded by Col. Loomis, resulting in a dreadful artillery duel. The deafening thunder of the cannonading soon aroused our entire army to a feeling almost akin to an actual desire for a personal engagement, and confidence and determination seemed stamped on every face as the duel waged hotter and hotter. It was but for a time however, for soon one confederate battery after another was silenced, and that branch of the contest seemed to be settling in our favor. About four o'clock p. m. a lull came and it was then discovered that the enemy were withdrawing their guns, and the order was immediately given to follow in skirmish line.

This proved to be a calm only, before the real storm, for at this very moment the combined forces of Breckenridge, Anderson and Cleburne burst forth like an avalanch upon our left wing, and would, in a very short time, have succeeded in turning it had it not been for the timely arrival of the reserve, under Neyley, who came to their support just in time to turn the tide. This proved most opportune also, for just as Neyley's division had succeeded in turning the attacking enemy. Jeff C. Davis' brigade broke forth to complete the Federal victory. They jumped into the stream, cold as it was, and hastily charging up the hill on the opposite bank, drove the enemy out of the woods, over the cornfields just beyond, until Murfeesboro was reached. They captured battle flags, cannons and many prisoners, and had not the darkness of night set in so soon upon them the victory might have been complete. The entire army of the Confederates had been driven into their works at Murfeesboro and the contest was forced to a close. Cold, bleak rain had fallen steadily during the entire day and both armies were in a pitiable plight, while the dead and wounded were legion in every direction. The night was not one of comfort and rest, for our troops were put to work upon the breast works and the early dawn

of Saturday morning found these nearly complete. Saturday likewise proved a horrible day and the rain fell in torrents. Cannonading was renewed, but very little real fighting was done Sunday, January 4th. was a beautiful day however and it was soon known that the enemy had evacuated their works at Murfreesboro. The days work at. lotted the boys, that of burying the dead, was not only gloomy, but distressing, and the suffering of the wounded pitiable. Our loss was over 10,000, probably not less than 25 per cent of the entire army here. Gen Bragg in his official report places his loss at 10,000, exclusive of the 2,800 prisoners left in the hands of the Federals. and there is no doubt but that most officers reports fell below rather than above what they really were.

On the 5th the army took possession of Murfreesboro. while the cavalry followed Gen. Bragg as far as Tuyaoma. where he was again strongly fortified.

Besides being poorly provided with clothing and provisions the Federal army suffered much from the cold January rains which fell almost incessantly and dissatisfaction soon became universal as the boys thought it to be in the power of the government to accord them more liberally of each, and some at least, felt it to be almost the desire of the government itself to see this little army succumb, if not in battle, by starvation and exposure. Grant and Sherman, it was generally believed, entertained very little sympathy in common with Rosecrans and it is said did not accord him the credit he deserved in his efforts here. Few Generals could have made a more bold, offensive campaign. With a smaller force than that opposing aim. he had put them to flight.

It was circulated through the press at that time, and was generally believed too among the people, that early in the 1862. about the time that General Buell fell back upon Louisville and Cincinnati, Gen. Sherman was asked by the Secretary of War. how large an army it would require in his estimation to make a successful campaign through Kentucky. Tennessee, the heart of the Confederacy, and thence to the sea. that his answer was 200,000 men. For this he was called "crazy Sherman" by the department and the press. When Gen. Buell failed in his purpose. Gen. Rosecrans was permitted to superceed him and with an army of not over 47,000 men started on the campaign. He drove Gen. Bragg out of Kentucky, took possession of Nashville, the capital city of Tennessee, did not "lay too" for winter or weather but continued to press forward a largely superior force. He gave them battle at Stone River and Murfreesboro gaining most complete and substantial victories in each instance. His army exhausted with

severe and continuous service, his ranks greatly reduced as a natural consequence of so stubborn a resistance, he finds himself at last unable to follow up his victory and continue the campaign further, only to be maligned and censured on almost every hand. So it was that he now found himself compelled to remain in a measure inactive or on the defensive for several months immediately following. Bragg's army had been reinforced, was strongly fortified and it would have been sheer folly for him to have thought of a further advance.

CHAPTER V.

On the 7th of January the baggage trains arrived and after marching some three miles beyond Murfreesboro. on Stone River, the boys struck their tents for the first time since the beginning of the battle days before. The old Sutler now put in an appearance, it was a cold day when he got left—battles alone excepted — and the boys began to live again. Their duties comprised picket, foraging, cleaning camp, frequent inspection and an occasional dress parade. During the remainder of the month, it rained, with an occasional intermission of sleet and snow, almost continuously and the weather was most disagreeable. On the 25th. the 15th Mo. was detailed as train guard to Nashville, some 33 miles distant, and while in that city took up their quarters in the Court House. Loading their wagons they returned safely to camp on the 28th most awfully tired. The roads were in a perfect plight and walking most frightfully bad. On the first of February they were moved some five miles further forward, camping at Salem church, and put in the night, a most inclement one. on picket duty. During the night it turned suddenly very cold and you may imagine the suffering they endured. They were relieved on the 2nd but on the 3d went on duty again Skirmishing and cannonading followed but on the 5th they returned to Murfreesboro and were put to work upon the forts and breast works then in process of construction there. Whenever the commanders thought that the boys thus working upon the breast works were suffering from the want of exercise, they would order them out for a drill, either by companies, regiments or brigades. This of course was relished by all and was not considered at all as superfluous. They were thus kept busy during the entire month of February, rain or shine, but mainly in the rain.

About the close of the month they were mustered, signed the rolls and paid \$52 for four months' salary. It was not gold that they received nor its equivalent, not silver nor the interest bearing

greenback, but what the boys called "shin plasters." Neither did it have the purchasing power of gold, as many a soldier's little family at home realized to their sorrow. But it was received in good faith by them all. for they knew it was the best their government could do. and the sentiment to defend that government at all hazards was universal, that 'she might be thus enabled later to discharge her obligations to the money needers who were backing her as well as to the soldiers, their widows and orphans

About March 1st the weather became more settled, and on the 3d the command was moved about five miles out to Salem church and was placed on picket duty. On the 4th their division was provided with five days rations and sent on an expedition On the 5th they passed through Eagleville and heard considerable cannonading in their front. On the 6th after marching about five miles they reached Franklin Pike where they took their position in battle array. It rained incessantly all day and the night following. The next day their brigade was ordered back to Eagleville, the commanding continuing quite lively all the time They passed through Tryune again from whence they took the Franklin Pike, camping on the night of the 8th near Franklin. On the 9th they marched through franklin, camping at Spring Hili, and continuing their march during the 19th. reached the foot of the Cumberlin mountain, near Duck River, that evening and went into camp. While lying here they witnessed a very lively and exciting artillery duel. On the 12th however, they were ordered to fall in. and retracing their steps through Spring Hill. Franklin and Eagleville arrived at their old quarters near Murfeesboro, some sixty miles distant, on the 14th. They had been on the march just ten days on five days rations

On the 18th their camp was changed to the west of Murfeesboro where, early on the morning of the 19th. their regiment was attacked by the enemy. The clash was a short one however, for the reserve, including the artillery, responded promptly and the "rebs" withdrew.

Routine duties followed. Picket duty was followed by work on the fortifications and vice versa, with frequent drills interspersed, including the company, the regiment and the brigade, and inspections, dress parades and reviews. Gen. Rosecrans reviewed his entire army here on the 23d. on which occasion the 15th, by request executed a number of flank movements in his presence.

The 1st of April brought more rain and a cold wave, and many unpleasant experiences. Quite a little spurt was made on their

from again on the 5th by the enemy and a call to arms was hastily sounded. No time was lost, and the boys in Gray finding "Barkis" to be in a "willin' " mood, took a hasty departure. The 9th was pay day and the boys receipted for two months pay. \$26. in "shin plasters." It was very good in quality as far as it went but it did not go very far— especially at the Suttler's tent, and change smaller than a twenty-five cent piece was not in demand here at this time. No article on the entire list sold for a less figure, while chewing tobacco was rated at \$2.50 per pound, a small package of limberger cheese \$1, small cans of condensed milk \$1, whiskey \$5 a qt., etc., while even at home in the North the same conditions were experienced. On the 10th the brigade again received marching orders and proceeding about two miles distant, one half of the brigade was placed on picket, while the other was held in reserve. They held this position, the two divisions, alternately, until the 16th when they were relieved and returned to camp. On the 17th they were marched to Gen. Sheridan's head quarters and were shown the beautiful sword that had been presented to that gallant officer.

Our brigade received orders to march on the 21st. and were supplied with three days' rations. We proceeded about seven miles through a heavy rain, and going into camp remained there until the afternoon of the following day when we returned to Murfreesboro. We had been in our old quarters but two hours when we again received orders to fall in, and traversing the same distance camped upon the same spot. At three o'clock the next morning we were again in line and for a second time returned to our old camp. If it had been the first day of April we might have considered this experience in the sense of a joke.

On the 27 we exchanged our large "sibly" tents for the so-called "pup" tents. They presented a comical appearance to us as we had so long been used to those of the larger pattern, and it was real amusing to see the boys crawl into them. The camp presented an appearance similar to a prairie dog town and the boys played the prairie dog racket for several days. In fact, some of them became very proficient in their imitations of that little animat's bark.

The month of May was passed so nearly like that of April that I will not attempt to itemize it in detail, and will! only relate one incident that no doubt is still fresh in the minds of al, the boys then present with the command. A rebel spy had found his way successfully into camp and had succeeded in very cleverly passing himself off as a friend of the soldiers, one simply punting around the country to satisfy his own natural curiosity. He was a jolly

fellow, and the boys without exception, soon learned to enjoy his company and put every confidence in him. He would visit from company to company, and, being a clever talker, was soon a welcomed guest at all of their camp fires. He became very popular for his quaint singing of patriotic songs, a number of which he claimed to be composed by himself, and it was not an unfrequent occurrence to see him mounted upon a stump thus entertaining his listeners. He was also very observing and was frequently noted jotting down memorandums. It was not long, however, before the authorities became suspicious and put detectives on his track. It was noted that he had ordered a new pair of boots made by a citizen shoemaker, but that gentleman was never seen at work upon them. But at last one dark night he eluded the detectives and succeeded in reaching the picket. He had planned it well and so arranged it that the guard would be a personal acquaintance, one of the more easy going of the many he had formed. Coming upon him he seemed to be in a most jolly mood, just out on a lark, simply on his way to the farm house just beyond, where he expected to secure something extra for breakfast the next morning. The guard, however, was not so satisfied and promptly refused to let him pass, but his refusal was lightly treated, as if it were a joke, and walking on he replied in a very confidential manner that that was all right. The guard warned him again and ordered him to halt, but he continued in his course and doggedly refusing to obey was tired upon and killed. It was discovered that he wore his new boots and an examination revealed the fact that they were made for a special purpose. They contained a double hollow sole in which was found a series of papers containing full descriptions, illustrations and specifications of our works and forts, and the number and positions of our infantry, cavalry and artillery. The soldier, who had thus shot him, was afterward promoted to a lieutenancy for his service, but soon, we learned, resigned and left the army.

I still remember one of the songs this jolly spy was said to have composed and which he sang frequently during his stay. I sang it at St. Louis last fall during the National encampment at one of our reunions, and many of the boys who heard it remembered the circumstance fully and urged me to send copy of it to the National Tribune for publication, as it had never been in print. Here it is:

BRAGG-A-BOO

Come, clear your
throats and

raise a
song.
And swell the chorous
loud and
long;
Dear General Bragg, of
modern
days.
Shall have from us his
piece of
praise

CHORUS:

Then shout, boys,
shout, the
foe is put to
route.
And Bragg-a-
Boo
and
Morgan
too
Have started down for
Dixie.
Hi! Ho! we
layed
them
low,
Secesh are blue as
indigo

He first went up to old
Kentuck
Restoring rights
and
stealing
truck:
He thought he went up
fast indeed.
He hurried back
at
break-
neck
speed.

CHORUS:

He thought that thirty
thousand
strong
With bounding
step
would
swell
his
throng.

But old Kentucky, with
ranging
scorn.
Gave thirty
thousand,
in a
horn.

CHORUS

At Perryville, with
burning
zeal.
He brandished deep
his
dreadful
steel.
But when the fight
grew warm
and free.
Poor Bragg put
out
for
Tennessee.

CHORUS

And then, with fifty
thousand
men.
He fought, and
fought,
and

fought
again;
But getting sick of
Rosecrans'
play.
He packed his
kit
and
ran
away.

CHORUS

Dear General Bragg,
here's to
your health
With Secesh
script
to
swell
your
wealth.
Your coat-of-arms.
when
fortune
smiles.
We trust will
bear
a
pair
of
heels.

CHORUS

On the 4th day of June the battle of Franklin was fought and our division was formed in line on Stone River. Returning to Camp Schaffer the next morning, and on the 20th we, for the first time, witnessed the execution of a deserter, who was shot to death as a penalty for his act.

CHAPTER VI.

On the 23d day of June, while yet unprepared, so far as

reinforcements were concerned, General Rosecrans started on what was called the Tullahoma campaign. He had expected additions to his command but the two other armies, the eastern and western, were then engaged, the one at Chancellorsville and the other at Vicksburg, and aid came not.

It was supposed that neither the commander-in-Chief, Hallack, nor the Secretary of War were fully acquainted with the difficulty he would encounter on account of the topography of the country between Murfreesboro and Chattanooga, otherwise they would have undoubtedly strengthened his cavalry force rather than weakening it, as they did by the withdrawel of Streight's brigade.

Chattanooga was undoubtedly the objective point at the start. It was a great railroad center, and in a measure controlled the passes of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, then the key to the south as well as of Tennessee.

In round numbers the two armies at this time were about equal, while the cavalry branch of the Confederates far outnumbered that of the Federals. This properly, under the circumstances, should have been reversed and proved quite an advantage to the rebels, as it enabled them to harass our flanks and rear continually.

Upon our departure from Murfreesboro, on the 23d. it commenced to rain again and kept it up almost constantly for seventeen consecutive days. During this time, our beds at night consisted almost invariably of two rails or polls, one end of which was placed upon logs or stumps to keep us out of the water and mud. On these rails we bunked very comfortably with our cartridge boxes for pillows and a rubber blanket for a covering. The patter of the rain during the nights acting most soothingly to the weary, sleeping troops.

This region of Tennessee, called Barrows, is a high uneven plateau and could only be reached by passing through narrow and difficult passes which proved a strong protection to the army then in possession of them.

The Elk and Duck Rivers, although tributary to the Tennessee, flow from east to west, almost parallel with each other, some twenty-five miles apart. Both have deep channels, steep, high, rocky banks and swift currents.

The enemy held a fine position just north of Duck river and their infantry extended unbroken from Shelbyville to Wartrace. The cavalry, however, was very much like the traditional

"Irishman's" flee, and the Lord alone knew where to place them, for when we thought we had 'em they were minus and when we thought them far away they were upon us.

Tullahoma was strongly fortified, and being situated about midway between the two rivers was chosen by General Bragg as his headquarters. Liberty and Hoover's Gaps were also strongly fortified and liberally manned by the Confederates. The only two passable turnpike roads leading south at our service at this time passed through these two gaps, and it required very skillful maneuvering on the part of General Rosecrans to flank Bragg out of this strong position and secure a footing south of the Tennessee river. Our division (Sheridan's) marched through Salem and Middleton towards Shelbyville, driving the enemy steadily before them.

On the 27th we engaged the enemy at Fairfield, and, putting them to flight, reached Manchester the next day. The remaining two divisions of our corps, Johnson and Davis, took the Wartrace road to Liberty Gap, which they captured after a short fight. Thomas and Crittendon's corps marched on the direct Manchester Pike, leading through Hoover's Gap and Mott's Hollow, a basin some two miles in length, and after a spirited fight took possession and reached Manchester in good order.

The fort, almost directly opposite the ford, was found to have been vacated, Bragg having withdrawn his forces to Chattanooga, south of the Tennessee river, destroying all the bridges as he passed over them, and here it was learned that he was fortifying himself as rapidly as possible.

On the third we pushed on through Winchester, and early the next morning celebrated the 4th with an artillery salute. We, however, indulged in no barbecue or picnic, nor were we fortunate enough to have time to urge for our orators to address us. We did not learn of the fall of Vicksburg or of the great battle of Gettysburg until the 7th. These victories proved a source of much pleasure to our army and enthusiasm ran high for sometime thereafter.

General Rosecrans now laid too for the purpose of repairing the Nashville & Chattanooga and the Memphis & Charleston railroads as far south as Stevenson, Ala., where the two roads formed a junction.

On the 11th the 2d and the 15th Mo. regiments received orders to march, with three days rations. Proceeding southward on the

line of the railroad, they passed through the tunnel —over a half mile in length—and camped in the Cumberlin mountains. The next day we proceeded just beyond Anderson Station. Ala., where we remained until the 18th. when the first railroad train reached us. We then advanced as far as Stevenson.

White here on the 26th. our paymaster again appeared and we signed the roll for another \$52 installment of "shin plasters." We had not seen our knapsacks since our departure from Murfreesboro until this time, nearly five weeks before, and were badly in need of a change of clothing. A general cleanup followed and we were soon more like ourselves again.

A strong spring of water high up in the mountain side, furnished ample of the purest water. It was conveyed down the slope through water mains leading to a huge well-built reservoir, and thence through pipes all over the city. It was the finest system of waterworks we had yet seen and its purity as well as its economical arrangements was, to say the least, exceptional. We were splendidly quartered here and although you might say it was midsummer, two woolen blankets proved very comfortable during the nights, so cool had it become. A heavy thick fog would also hang over the valley every morning until nearly ten o'clock, when the sun having surmounted the top of the surrounding mountains would dispel the gloom.

From Stevenson to Chattanooga the country is a succession of mountains and valleys. The Appalache mountain chain which forms part of the White and Alleghanies. run through east Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. The western portion of this chain is known as the Cumberlin and the eastern as the Blue or "smokey" mountains. The Cumberlin mountains possess two distinct ridges, running in a westerly direction, the one north of the Sequatchie river and the other between that stream and the Tennessee river.

It extends over sixty miles in length and has but two gaps that are passable for wagons or artillery. Of these. Dunlap's Gap leads to Poe's Tavern and Thurman's Pass directly opposite, or to Chattanooga. Another chain of mountains lie directly south of the Tennessee river, called Sand or Racoon Mountains. Lookout creek separates this chain from the famous Lookout Mountain, whose height exceeds them all. I believe it is estimated at 3,000 feet. Lookout mountain ends abruptly on the Tennessee river. The Nashville & Chattanooga railroad Company, running along the left bank of the river here, was compelled to cut its roadbed through

the solid rock to gain a passage. Lookout Mountain lays north and south. On the east lies the lovely Chattanooga valley through which meanders Chattanooga creek, separating the mountain from Mission ridge. Just south of the ridge can be seen the Chickamauga valley, while further south lie other mountain ranges. Chattanooga valley is sometimes called McLamore's Cave. Rigeon mountain forms its eastern wall and the valley is only accessible through mountain passes. But one roadway pass is accessible through Pigeon Mountain, and that leads from Lafayette to Rome.

A group of mountains lie east of Chattanooga, which, together with their passes, have become famous. Among them we might mention Sand Mountain. Rocky-faced Ridge. Buzzard Roost Gap etc.

I have thus entered into detail in a measure relative to the topography of the country here that our friends may the better understand the critical situation in which our army was placed, and the great disadvantages under which our brave and gallant leader. General Rosecrans. labored. Every one of these splendid natural positions were fully manned by the enemy, and every effort was put forth to check the advance of the approaching army.

From the top of Lookout Mountain. General Bragg commanded a splendid view for miles and miles around and about him. He could easily observe our every movement, and was thereby in a position to order his forces to any point where danger threatened without a moments delay.

It can thus be readily seen why General Rosecrans could not make a direct attack upon Chattanooga, and while it only remained for him to skillfully, if he could, by certain flank movements, induce General Bragg to leave his stronghold and accept battle in the more open fields below. Either movement, how. ever, he fully realized, would be attended with great danger, not only on account of the topography of the country, but the large excess in strength of Bragg's army. His chances at best for success looked most discouraging.

To accomplish this he was compelled to divide up his army and start the different bodies across the Tennessee river and over the mountains, through the fords and passes, thereby exposing it to a series of almost certain successful attacks by General Bragg, whereby our whole army might be utterly destroyed. These were undoubtedly serious thoughts for our commander, but dangerous as it was he was not loath to make the effort, and September 1st was designated for our commands to start.

Our cavalry succeeded in a measure in deceiving the enemy by making quite a spirited demonstration toward the river above Chattanooga, causing them to guard strongly the upper fords while the lower ones were almost wholly neglected. General Bragg undoubtedly expected nothing short of a direct attack, was not anticipating a flank movement, and it has always been a wonder to me. that, with the advantage he had in being stationed on Lookout Mountain, that he did not see enough to warn him of the movements being made by the Federals.

Gen. Rosecrans moved his troops across the Tennessee river at four different points, at Caperton's ferry, near Stevenson, at Ridgeport settlement and at Alleys ferry at the mouth of Battle Creek, using pontoon bridges and rafts, and by the 4th of September his entire army had gained the opposite shore.

Chrittenden's corps threatened Chattanooga, while advance detachments were sent forward to take possession of Frick's. Cooper's and Stevens' gaps in Lookout mountain, as they were the only passable roads that led to McLamore's Cave, and was successful in securing passage through them for this entire corps without serious delay.

CHAPTER VII.

Our army corps had crossed the Tennessee river at Bridgeport and now moved in a southerly direction to Valley Head through Trenton. We were compelled to aid our artillery in crossing the mountains as the road was very rocky in many places the guns had to actually be lifted over some of them, and the grade was very steep for several miles. We crossed Lookout Valley and on the 10th camped on the top of Lookout mountain. We also made an expedition to Browntown Valley between Pigeon mountain and Taylor's ridge with orders to threaten Rome and find out if possible where Bragg's army were concentrating as that individual had left Chattanooga on the 8th. We were also to ascertain if possible, what reinforcements he was receiving, for it was already known that Johnson and Buckner had already reported with their commands to aid him. It was also generally believed that Longstreet's and Lee's armies must be near as it was reported that they had passed through Atlanta on the 1st with the intention or coming to his assistance.

We soon learned that Bragg was not concentrating at Rome as had been anticipated but rather that he was gathering his forces on Pigeon mountain above Lafayette.

By the reinforcements Bragg had now received his forces outnumbered ours at least two to one. Why we also could not likewise have been reinforced at this time from the armies of Grant. Sherman or Mead, has always been a problem I could not solve, but the fact remains that we were not thus favored and were compelled to make the best of our situation.

The main portion of the Rebel forces were thus situated almost directly between our corps and the remainder of Rosecrans' army, while we secured no advantage by this condition as Pigeon mountain was also between us.

Crittenden took possession of Chattanooga on the 9th, and leaving one brigade in charge, marched out and took possession of Rossville, in the Chattanooga valley between Mission ridge and Lookout mountain.

Gen. Thomas crossing Lookout mountain had taken his position in McLamore's Cave and was then busily reconnoitering the position of Gen. Bragg.

Crittenden advanced as far as Ringgold and Dalton and from thence sent an expedition to Gordon's Mill to also reconnoiter the position of the enemy and to effect connection with Gen. Thomas.

Gen. Rosecrans now made all haste to unite and concentrate his scattered forces so as to be enabled to present a respectable front to the huge army before and about him. and his energy and skill proved equal to the emergency.

Crittenden joined Thomas and our troops (McCook's) were ordered to make haste by forced marches to McLamore's Cave so that Bragg might not succeed in cutting us off from the balance of the army. We were at this time. Sept. 14. some 65 miles south of General Thomas. We passed through Valley Head, up Lookout valley to Steven's gap. and thence to the cave, which we reached on the 17th. joined Gen. Thomas on the right, and during the night between the 18th and 19th the last preparations for the great battle were completed.

General Granger's small corps were placed near Rossville with orders to hold the roads leading to Chattanooga, which, it was supposed, the enemy desired to obtain possession for the purpose, if necessary, of cutting off our retreat. Our main battle line was situated about three miles further south.

Brayan's division of Thomas' corps formed the extreme left next came Baird's division of the same corps, who had been sent thither to reinforce that portion of Thomas' line, as it was

anticipated that the enemy would make an attempt to turn our left flank and thus get possession of Rossville and the roads leading to Chattanooga.

Negley's division was stationed at Crawfish Springs guarding the ford across the Chickamauga river. Chickamauga is an ominous name and in the Indian language means the "river of death." Wood's division was doing a like service at Gordon's Mill

Our division. Sheridan's, was placed directly west of Gordon's Mill, while just in our rear General Rosecrans had taken up his headquarters at the widow Glenn's residence.

The battle was opened early on the morning of the 19th by an attack upon our left flank. They were quickly repulsed, but soon came again and again, each time reinforced with additional numbers, until Gen Rosecrans was compelled to draw brigade after brigade from his right to reinforce the left wing, and was only able by so doing to hold his left flank position during the day. The enemy soon noted that our right flank had been seriously weakened and extended their attacks along our entire line, while just before dark they made a desperate attempt to turn our right. The muskets fell with a ringing sound on every hand and the dead and wounded lay in great numbers in our midst. What a scene. How we did desire victory. We had repulsed and driven the enemy fully a half a mile, but night came on and we were compelled to desist. Our positions had been maintained, however, all along the line, and we had inflicted severe punishment. But we were not through, the battle had just begun, and we laid on arms that night ready and eager for the test we knew awaited us next morning.

During the night Gen Rosecrans gathered his officers for a council of war. a new plan for action on the next day was decided upon and every division and brigade commander promptly notified of the change. By these tactics our line was shortened fully a mile in length, our extreme right ending at widow Glen's, while we still held possession of Mission Ridge. This arrangement gave us a strong reserve and also forced Gen. Rosecrans to remove his headquarters to a high hill on the Rossville road near the gap.

The position at Gordon's Mill was abandoned but the position at Mission Ridge and the road leading from Lafayette to Chattanooga were held. It was very difficult for so small an army to properly guard so many important points and still present a sufficient number to face such a superior force in battle.

The morning of the 20th dawned bright and clear and the sun

came up in all its splendor. The enemy seemed to hesitate and did not appear so keen for the action as they were on the previous day.

The attack began again, however, on our left and with such vigor that Gen. Thomas was soon so sorely pressed that one brigade of Negley's division was transferred from the right to support him. and were soon followed by all the reserve. Thus the battle raged until one o'clock. There was no intermission, no definite results and the fields were soon covered with the dead and wounded. The enemy suffered greatly as they were in the main the attacking party, while our forces were in some instances protected by impromptu breastworks hastily built of logs and rails. By some means a brigade was taken out of line between Woods' and Davis' divisions, causing a break in our front and before it could be closed the enemy had forced their way through it. They immediately attacked

the two exposed divisions in the right and left flank and soon threw them into great disorder. Our division was just to the right of Davis' and we were not slow to realize that we too were lost unless the tide was quickly turned. We were stationed on a hill about half a mile from the woods in our front where the rebels lay. We were formed three columns deep with our artillery in line also. It was a position without fortifications but one which we thought we could hold until dooms day against all attacks from the front. We did not dare to await an attack in our flank however, and soon concluded to "beard the lion in his den" and attempt to turn the enemy's left flank and thereby force them to retreat from our center. This was a bold move, but our troops knew not how to fear. They never had, up to this time, been repulsed in a charge and they did not believe they could be, and it was not long until the order was given to "charge bayonets, forward, double quick. march!" The command was obeyed to the letter amid such yelling as I never had heard before. You would have thought, to have heard it. that all the demons of the infernal regions had broken loose.

Down the slope we went, over the fence and into the very woods where the enemy lay. seven columns deep, for they had massed in our front for the purpose of making a final charge upon our position. Perhaps it might have been better had we awaited their coming.

As was our custom, we reserved our fire for close range, but alas, we held it back too long, for upon nearing the woods we

received such a withering volley from the seven lines of the enemy that many of our brave boys fell before they had had an opportunity to fire a single shot. But our line never faltered, and closing the frightful gaps that had been made, returned the volley with determination and then went at 'em with our bayonets.

The fight now became a desperate hand to hand encounter with bayonets and clubbed muskets, and heroic blood flowed, as it were, in streams. Being so largely outnumbered it was but a short time until the enemy swept over and through our band on all sides and our losses were fully 60 per cent. Many of us soon found ourselves surrounded and greeted with "surrender you Yankee —."

But we fought our way backwards and finally had a fair foot race with our jubilant opponents in reaching our artillery, which had all this time remained almost inactive for fear of doing more harm to our own forces than to the enemy with whom we were battling so desperately. It was no stampede, for the boys retained their composure and fought desperately every foot of the bloody pathway, and some of our boys actually shed tears (Engelbert Dreher for instance) so greatly were they chagrined at our ill success, not to speak of the number of companions who had fallen. In the retreat, a small drummer boy was left behind. He was trudging manfully up the hill with his huge drum over his shoulder when he was suddenly called upon by a mounted rebel to "surrender you — little yankee." He heeded not the firm command however, but, throwing away his drum and hastily picking up a loaded musket, which lay near by on the field, instantly shot his would-be captor and escaped unharmed.

When we reached our artillery every horse was dead and barely men enough left to handle the guns, but these few poured grape and canister hot and last into the very face of the advancing foe as soon as they could safely do so.

The booming of our artillery soon brought a murderous, concentrated fire to this point from the enemy's guns and we were compelled to cease. We now again began to fall back, but the Captain of the artillery, nicknamed "Leather Breeches," begged us to save his guns. We retraced our steps, and taking hold pulled manfully. Their weight and the galling fire to which we were exposed soon compelled us to desist however although the brave Captain and several of his gallant men stubbornly refused to leave them and they were lost. We never saw or heard of them afterwards and know naught of the fate that befell them.

A few brave officers now made strenuous efforts to stop our fleeing commands. but at this very moment that gallant General and hero. Sheridan, came dashing along the line on his huge black charger and shouting at the very top of his voice, said. "Let them go! Let them go for their lives, and rally beyond the hill where they are safe from this murderous fire."

We retired as far as the Dry Valley Road, where our line was reformed in charge of General Sheridan and supported General Thomas' corps which was still gallantly battling. We joined Bramian's division and with them charged the enemy in order to protect Thomas' flank. They were driven back and the position held against terrible odds and repeated desperate assaults until after midnight. Several brigades from our right had been cut off by the rebs, but they were kept busy forwarding our trains safely into Chattanooga and preparing that city for a final defence, by throwing up forts and breastworks.

The enemy finally left our front and we were in hopes that on the morrow we would be able to retrieve our lost ground and thereby be able to render that necessary care to our dead and wounded, but we were soon ordered to fall back, and retraced our steps to Rossville.

The night was a frightfully dark one. but we succeeded in reaching our new position and entrenching ourselves in a very respectable manner. Our lines were then reformed and we awaited the coming of the enemy, but in vain for they came not.

The fact was that the rebs had been so badly cut up that they feared to further force the battle, and I have ever since felt satisfied in my own mind that if our entire army had centered on Thomas on the night of the 20th that we would have succeeded in securing possession of the field. As it was however we held our present position, and Chattanooga, the objective point from the beginning was safe, and our only great sorrow was the fact that we were compelled to leave our dead and wounded, comrades we loved so well, in the hands of the enemy. It was the first and the last time in our whole army experience that we were unable to prevent this, and the first roll call after the battle was the saddest I ever attended. Many strong men were moved to tears as our Seargent (our orderly had lost a leg and an arm) with quivering voice called one familiar name after another without receiving the prompt answer of "here." and if I am not mistaken only thirteen of Co. "B" responded on that memorable day. while not one ever turned up afterwards as a straggler, all not present being either

killed, wounded or captured. Of the number who were captured of Co. "B" only one (Henry Rutz, now of Highland) ever returned, and he was held prisoner until the spring of 1865. He escaped twice but was on both occasions recaptured, and his sufferings were likened unto the many who endured the same fate during those memorable years.

Our loss in the battle was nearly 17,000, nearly fifty per cent of the number of men in line. Many of these were reported as "missing" as it was not known whether they had been killed or captured, but the fact remains that only a few of the number thus reported ever returned. Including the 3,000 prisoners we had captured from the enemy their loss was estimated at fully 20,000 men.

I think my comrades will bear me out in the assertion here that I have given a true while possibly not fully complete description of this awful contest, and will bear with me when I ask "in what constituted our defeat" of which so much has been said? We could have said with Gen. Grant "that we will fight it out if it takes all winter." and while it is true that we did not put the enemy to flight and hold the field against them, we held our positions, and secured Chattanooga, thereby gaining the most that could have been expected. Does this constitute a defeat? If not, will some one inform me why it has been thus written down by Generals high in command.

On the night of the 21st we marched from Rossville to Chattanooga. General Rosecrans then soon withdrew his out posts from Wauhatchie and the enemy took possession. They also cut off our communications as well as our supplies. Our supplies were then being brought to us by means of wagon trains, over the mountains and through Sequatchi valley, a distance of about sixty miles. The rebel cavalry being far superior to ours often captured and destroyed these trains and we were, as a natural consequence, compelled to subsist on less than a quarter of our usual rations.

Generals McCook and Crittenden were here relieved and their respective corps, the 20th and the 21st were consolidated with the 4th. under command of Gordon Granger, and henceforth we were known as the 4th corps.

On the 27th of October Gen. Rosecrans was relieved of his command and General Thomas appointed as his successor. Gen. Grant was also placed in command of the Grand Military division of the Mississippi, with his headquarters at Chattanooga.

Reinforcements, so long delayed and such a great cost of life, now began to pour in. General Sherman with the entire army of the Tennessee. Hooker and Howard with the 12th and 11th army corps of the Potomac and Gen. Bumsides with the army of the Ohio took possession of Knoxville.

For nearly a whole month we were thus kept on "short" rations and many of our horses and mules actually died of starvation. What little provision we received over three small crackers a day consisted of beef that had been driven from Nashville over a country that furnished them no subsistence. They would be on the "left" almost from the commencement of their journey until they reached us and we would kill each day only those which we thought would not live until the morrow. The boys used to say that our commander was playing seven up with the buzzards to see which should have the beef, and that the latter held "high, low and jack, and that he was pretty sure of getting the game." Indeed, the beef was so poor that we often called it "beef dried on the hoof." We were also out of shoes. Utterly barefooted, arid almost destitute of clothing with the cold season fast advancing. Fuel also began to be quite an item. There was none within our lines on our side of the river and even the very stumps had disappeared. Expeditions were organized, and as we had no teams to do our hauling we would proceed up the river, cut the trees from the north bank, form them into rafts and float them down to our lines, and carry them into camp on our shoulders.

When the officers fed their horses usually a pint of shelled corn—on the ground they were forced to stand by and watch until it was eaten, or the boys would invariably steal it so ravuously hungry were they becoming.

I had joined my regiment in June, at Murphysboro, but was then and up to this time still troubled with my old complaint, but the "three crackers per day business" soon cured me.

In spite of the gloomy times we experienced here we had our fun. for after the rebs had made a few successful attempts to drive in our pickets, firing ceased, and the brass band of the Rebs and the Yanks would take their positions frequently on their respective picket lines and alternately tender their national airs. But the several batteries of artillery on both sides never did evince much friendliness.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the first of October we arranged a new camp, and on the 18th our division. Sheridan's, was changed again, moving to the southeast of Chattanooga.

During all this time we had been kept hard at work building forts. &c., and our artillery kept up an almost constant fire on the enemy. Shells were frequently thrown to the top of Lookout mountain, and were the cause of considerable annoyance to the Grays up there. The rebels on the other hand played their artillery upon our lines at the same time but did not succeed in doing us much harm.

During October it rained almost incessantly and many of the nights were most disagreeably cold.

At this time also. Hooker did some fighting in the Lookout Valley and at Moccasin Point, with a view of opening the "Cracker line." but whatever the success that attended him the old Cumberland Army did not receive any of the benefits, with the exception of being provided with better rations. Gen. Cook was also at this time able to prevent the rebel cavalry, under Gen. Wheeler, from destroying so many of our provision trains, and we began to live again.

Early in November Gen. Longstreet left General Bragg with about 20,000 and moved on to Knoxville for the purpose of driving out Gen. Burnside and taking possession of East Tennessee

We can not understand why Gen. Grant delayed so long attacking the enemy here at this time. His army now numbered double that of the original Cumberland army that Gen. Rosecrans had commanded when he made his gallant fight, and the rebel army numbered considerable less

It is asserted as a fact, however, that Gen. Grant was slow to trust the old Cumberland army, because of the feeling that they had been so badly whipped at Chicamauga. and further that the old 11th corps had been spoilt at Chancellorsville, and that for his main dependence he was compelled to fall back upon only the army of Tennessee. Be this as it may the entire army was restless during all this time and would have done gallant work had opportunity afforded

On the 13th of November the whole division was mustered and marched out. forming a huge hollow square, to witness another execution for desertion. These were painful experiences, and on this occasion, two soldier boys, who had thus fallen from grace, one from the 44th and the other from the 88th Ill., were shot to

death.

On the 19th Uncle Sam's paymaster again appeared and favored us with another installment on our salary account \$52. or four months pay. We did not have much use for wealth here. We had no means of forwarding it home to be placed to our bank account, and no opportunity of spending it for any good purpose for ourselves, although we were seriously in want. As a result, gambling became frightfully frequent, and cards and dice held full sway Chuck-luck was all the rage and it proved a speedy means with some for transferring their hard earned checkles to the few more frequently called "bankers." while blacklegs would have been more appropriate

On the 23d of November. General Sherman, on our left, was prepared to charge the rebel fort. Buckner, but as all the rebel army seemed to be on the move it was decided to make an attack on the center also Accordingly our large guns at Ft. Wood opened fire and commenced shelling the enemy's line directly south of Chattanooga, during which time Wood's and ours, Sherman's, divisions made a charge on the rebels' works in the same direction. We captured Bald Knob, a line of breast works, some two thousand prisoners and two batteries. At the same time the 11th corps charged successfully on our right on Chico creek, thereby giving us possession and control of all of the upper Chattanooga valley.

On the 24th General Hooker, with the 11th and 12th corps, and one division each of the 4th and 14th corps commenced the charge on Lookout Mountain. As our division was not engaged at this time we had a splendid view of the "battle above the clouds." It was a magnificent sight and was observed with breathless interest by all. Not infrequently during the progress a low flying cloud would appear and screen the scene like a veil, completely hiding the combatants from our sight. Then again we could observe our lines advance step by step from rock to rock. Once we plainly saw a squad of "Johnnies" with their stars and bars above then perched upon a huge flat elevated rock, while a little below were likewise situated a squad of "our boys" in blue, with the star spangled banner floating above them. It was an exciting encounter as each tried to probe the other with their bayonets and thus dislodge them. But they could not. It was an exciting scene but the efforts of "our boys" failed as did the efforts of the "Johnnies" in every instance until the latter, not observing the forward movements of our scattered line which had passed them on the right and left, had been cut off from their comrades. Retreat was now impossible, they were surrounded and thus forced to

surrender. As the climax of this little incident came we could see the hats of "our boys" fly in the air and could almost persuade ourselves that we heard their hearty hurrahs. It was a memorable scene to us all and one never to be forgotten.

General Hooker succeeded in driving the enemy to the Summertown road, although he experienced no little hard fighting and lost many men.

The next morning the enemy had evacuated the entire Lookout mountain and the Chattanooga creek valley, massing their entire force on Mission Ridge, while early on the morning of the 25th Sherman commenced his attack on their right and Howard, with the 11th corps was sent to support him. The sound of the musketry soon convinced us that the fighting here was desperate and the contest hot. while the huge guns at Ft. Wood and Orchard Knob sent shower after shower of shot and shell over to Forts Buckner and Bragg with telling effect.

Our corps, the 4th. had been standing in line all the morning awaiting orders. During our delay, while thus waiting in line with our muskets stacked, and while all knew Sherman's army was fighting so terribly just beyond our left, groupes of boys could be seen gambling formed as they lay in line, along the entire length. But the orders came at last and we were commanded to move forward. The distance from Orchard Knob, where our corps had formed, to the foot of Mission Ridge was one and a half miles, interspersed with small strips of timber, though an open but rough valley, every foot of the route of which was well guarded by the enemy.

And when we finally reached the foot of the Ridge what then? A strong line of works well manned by the enemy. If we succeeded in taking that line of works, capturing the forces or putting them to flight, what then? A hill fully four hundred feet high, the crest of which was similarly protected and likewise strongly manned, from which they could pour forth such a shower of grape, canister and musketry that it would prove exceedingly difficult for us even to hold the first But if we should be successful in also capturing the second, what then? Another, a third, some four hundred feet further up the mountain was in perfect readiness to make our reception highly interesting. Between the second and third line of fortifications the mountain side was broken, and further possessed many huge rocks. Large trees had also been felled so as to obstruct rapid passage and an advancing army would be thus compelled to move slowly amid most deadly fire. But passing the third

successfully and thence up to the very top of Mission Ridge itself, what then? The main army itself would have to be encountered. The outlook surely was not an inviting one.

All this and more was in plain view before us when the command "forward" was given, and even the most bold and careless of our number could not help but led the gravity of our situation.

The distance to the foot of Mission Ridge one mile and a half was made in about thirty minutes, and not a single soldier wavered, while we left many dead and wounded in our trail.

Fort Bragg was directly in our front and all the batteries of our forts were concentrating their fire upon it. Even the large size guns of Moccasin point aiding in the effort by dropping in their shells upon them over our heads.

Nearly every rebel soldier occupying the first line of fortifications were either killed or captured, as retreat up the mountain was almost certain death from the guns of their own army.

We did not tarry long here but proceeded to climb the first height of four hundred feet and the second line of fortifications were soon in our possession. We were now almost completely fagged out from our exertions and were compelled to take a short rest and it is stated that General Bragg noting our halting at this time ventured the prediction that "these half starved 'tankers will never be able to get up this ridge. We were truly a sad lot of half starved Yankees, but he didn't understand that we were fighting now for our "cracker line," almost out very life itself.

Soon reorganizing our line we were again struggling forward and upward, and Gen. Bragg had but a short time to wait to be convinced that we would "get there." Huge rock boulders were loosened and rolled down upon us amid most incessant musket firing, while shells with lighted fuses were bounding in every direction in and about our lines. It was an awful moment, enough to try the strongest hearts, but the boys were equal to the effort and continued manfully forward and upward, closing up the ranks as their comrades one after another fell, until the top was gained, when, after a short sharp struggle, the Ridge was ours, and we had the exultant pleasure of witnessing Gen. Bragg together with Generals Breckenridge and Buckner, spurring their horses in their flight down the eastern slope of the Ridge, In their haste to prevent their own capture.

Buckner Fort was now taken by General Sherman and Breckenridge Fort by Gen. Hooker, and as night had already cast her shadows around us and we were all worn out, pursuit was postponed until the following morning.

We were hustled out however as early as one o'clock the next morning and started in pursuit of the enemy, but proceeded no further than the Chicamauga river, when we returned to camp. Hooker. Howard and Palmer however continued the pursuit through Chicamauga station, captured a large supply of commissary stores, and driving the enemy from Pigeon Ridge and Grayville forced them through Ringgold and Ringgold Gap in Taylor's Ridge. At the latter place they encountered a determined opposition, experienced quite a little engagement and captured about 1,300 prisoners.

On the 28th of November, only three days after the great battle of Mission Ridge, we were supplied with three days' rations and ordered out on a forced march of one hundred and fifty miles to Knoxville to relieve our force there, besieged by Gen Longstreet.

We left camp with our tents standing and all our baggage except a single woolen or rubber blanket, as we expected to return in a few days We crossed the Chickamauga river near its mouth at the Tennessee river, passed through Harrison and Georgetown, crossed the Highwasi river at Kingenrums ferry, thence through Decatur and Philadelphia to Margant where we went into camp.

The country through which we passed was exceptionally fine, but at this time there was nothing for us to forage and as our rations were uncomfortably short we would really have appreciated it had it been otherwise I remember one square meal I had at this time It was in this wise: I paid a teamster a quarter for an ear of corn, he stole it from one of his nudes, and shelling it placed it in a quart cup with water In my haversack I had a "hunk" of thick—originally white but now very black—pork, which I could not eat even with my crackers before they were gone, although I had on several occasions swallowed a number of pieces of it that I had cut off, about the size of a pill. This piece of black pork I now cut up into very small pieces and mixed it with the corn in the cup and set it on the camp fire to boil It proved a dainty dish and before it was thoroughly cooked I discovered that it had all disappeared from frequent tasting on my part. I was considerably disappointed at this, but consoled myself with the belief that I had had a pretty fair meal after all.

We next crossed the little Tennessee river and passed through

Marysville and Rockford, reaching Knoxville on the 6th of December, a day or two after the siege had been raised.

On the 11th we again received marching orders. We proceeded up along the Holston river and finally camped at a small mill on a small stream near the Tennessee river and the North Carolina line. Here we were detailed to forage, but found nothing. Our sick had accumulated until we were compelled to erect a field hospital, and it was not long until it was filled. The snow capped peaks of the blue ridge or smoky mountains were directly in our front. We remained here until the 15th, when we received orders to return to Knoxville. It now began to rain day and night—a cold disagreeable rain, and as we had left our tents behind us we had no shelter whatever and but very little clothing.

CHAPTER IX.

We did not stop at Knoxville, but continued our march on to Blain's Cross Road where we arrived on the 17th. We passed through Strawberry Plain where it was reported the enemy had made a stand and would offer battle, but this proved a mistake. Here we lay in midwinter, and the coldest winter that had been known in this section for years, with no tents, no blankets, no change of clothing, no cooking utensils, and no salt even, while our entire bodies were actually raw from the bites of the famous "Gray-backs." At first we received Half a pint of corn meal every morning with the assurance that it was for breakfast only, but it was the last we would get that day. This corn was foraged, the wagons sometimes going as far as 60 miles into the country before they got it and even then they would frequently come back empty. The corn thus foraged was ground at a small water mill in the vicinity of the camp and issued to us as rations at one pint per day, while the only means we had of preparing it was as a mush, boiled without even a dressing of salt. But this luxury was too good to last long, for the mill was too small or the army too large. At last they soon informed us that the mill had to be run day and night to supply the wants of Burnside's army, then in the front and so we soon became the recipients of one ear of "corn on the cob" a day for our rations.

The corn, as it was foraged, was put in strong pens and a heavy guard placed over it. Every morning as each company would fall in for roll call, they would be marched up to the corn crib, when each soldier would be permitted to take one ear of corn. They were all of an average size as the smaller ears or

"nubbins" were sorted out to be fed to the mules and there was no trouble as to "first choice." On one occasion, and only one, I attempted to slip in both hands and take out two ears, but the guard detected me and I slung the extra ear outside the crowd and offered a prompt denial. But my protests were in vain and I was compelled to put the other ear back in the crib. When I went to look for the discarded ear it too had disappeared and I was compelled to fast that day.

We parched the corn by our camp fires as we could eat it better in this manner than in meal. But how did we live that cold winter? We had no axes to cut our fuel and were compelled to use our sword bayonets for this purpose. We build houses of brush wood but they let in the wind and rain upon us. Our hair and beards — those who had them — had grown long and bushy. All the combs in the company had been broken and we had no scissors or razors to cut or shave with, so we had to let them grow in tangles. One cold night I raked out the warm ashes from the fire and scattering them about our hovel near the fire, bunked upon them. During the night as usual I rolled from one side to the other so as to alternate before the fire, and keep both warm. But in the night it commenced to snow, and as it fell the fire would melt it. and my long hair got wet and as I rolled about I mopped up the loose ashes. Before I got up the next morning it began freezing hard and soon froze the mass, hair, ashes and all, into long ice sides so that when I moved they would jingle like "sleigh bells."

Pets in the shape of gray-backs, were now becoming unendurable, but we had one boy (Christ Reber) who claimed to be bug proof. But alas, one morning about this time, while we were standing around the fire vigorously campaigning against them, we detected them upon him. They were crawling out at the bottom holes of his clothes to enjoy, as it were, a little of the warmth of the fire. This raised the laugh and it was a long time before poor Reber heard the last of it.

Gambling among the boys was still their main occupation. The officers strenuously endeavored to break it up, but the boys would scatter and congregate on a high hill near the camp. We called it "chuck-luck-hill," and who does not remember it? On the warm days this hill would be fairly covered with groups of boys at play and the guards seemed almost powerless to check them. The boys would station their own sentinels and were invariably informed of approaching danger in time to remove all evidence of the game.

On Christmas day we received two ears of corn each, as

rations, instead of one, a sort of Christmas gift you know, and we lived high I can assure you.

During the last few days of 1863 it rained continuously — a bitterly raw, cold rain and our clothing etc. became thoroughly soaked. We didn't have a dry thread about us. This continued until twelve o'clock on New Year's eve-night when the wind veering to the northwest, turned suddenly bitter cold and our wet clothes froze stiff on our very bodies. On the first day of January, 1864, we received our mail, and as this feature had become such a scarcity of late, it was highly enjoyed.

It was now reported about camp that Longstreet's army was surrounded, and it was also noised around that it was the desire of the authorities that the old veterans of '61 should re-enlist for three more years, or during the war. On the 3d Gen. Sheridan made us a speech on this subject.

Nothing could more fully prove the patriotism of the Federal soldiers than the scene now witnessed. The army was virtually on the point of starvation, each soldier subsisting on one ear of corn on the cob per day was poorly clad, badly sheltered and exposed to the cold wintery blasts. In fact it was so cold that the ink actually froze on our pens as we were signing our names to the roll. Still, regardless of all this, nearly our entire regiment volunteered a re-enlistment for another three years in the service of the government for which they had already endured, and were now suffering so much.

How many of the men of today, who are so profuse in their disparaging talk and have so much criticism to offer, would volunteer to render even the slightest of the services he seems to take so much pleasure in deriding? Who of them all would be willing to leave their present homes and families, their business and easy going habits and voluntarily subject themselves to all that was involved in even one term of such service.

There were many thousand of men in the north in 1861-5 to whom the country called more earnestly than it did during the first few months of the struggle when we had volunteered, that a team of strong horses could not have dragged to the front for even a three months' service. These very men are today seemingly the very essence of patriotism (?). Then they could not see a particle of picnic in even a short experience of a soldier's life. Their homes, farms and workshops were a thousand times more attractive than the most glittering camp that could be presented to their imagination. The hardest kind of work in the office, the shop or

the field was vastly more preferable to them than the thought of shouldering a musket and marching south of the Ohio river.

There was no employment that would not bring them more money and much more comfort than to follow the dreadful trade of war. There was no clothing that he could be forced to wear that was not more agreeable to him than the very best grades furnished in the service, and there was no table that could be set before him that would offer more appetizing viands than the best of the army rations offered.

Yet these very men, these men who could not be coaxed, persuaded or shamed into going to the front for even thirty days service in 1861-5, and were almost invariably draft proof also, are now the most prominent in proffering disparagement to the merits of those who did volunteer, those who did sacrifice every thing personal, and those who did save the country from impending ruin.

Do they ever think of the time of the war? Probably many of them did not know there was a war in 1861-5 for they continued uninterruptedly in their usual avocations, enjoyed themselves amid luxuries which wealth and prosperity brings. Their homes were safe, peace and quiet surrounded them, they saw no signs of the strife. Why was it that they did not hear the roar of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry at their very doors? Why was it that the death did not stare them and theirs in the face at every turn? It was because there were noble hearts and stalwart arms struggling for them. It was because the boys in blue, who they would today be satisfied to see die unattended in the poorest of poor houses had been successful in keeping back those who would have invaded and dispoiled their homes, their business and their very fortunes themselves.

Did they ever appreciate what the soldiers were doing for them, and should they not remember that it was for them, for their lives, their liberties and their blessings that so many brave boys died.

Who is it now that is grunting about the tax? Not at what it takes to pay off the bonds, but what it takes to keep a few of those old soldiers out of the poor houses. Surely not those who were in the service, not those who appreciate the results accomplished or the valor displayed.

All over the north today there are those who still make strong efforts to deprecate the patriotism of the old soldiers. Those who

think that the thirteen dollars per month fully paid for all the hardships, the toils, the sufferings, the loss of health, the shattered constitutions and mutilated limbs, and the thousands of ilis that of necessity follow war. Patriotism for the paltry sum of fifty cents per day and no dinner. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred of our soldiers could have earned twice that much, at least, at home. No. It was the soldiers, their wives, mothers, sisters and children that paid the price of the war and liberty.

Gustav Roehm, our first sergeant, lost an arm and leg at Chickamauga, and died afterwards. He was but twenty-six years old and in the prime of his young manhood. After he was wounded I visited him at the hospital where he lay pale and emaniated with his shattered arm resting upon an oil cloth. He had laid thus for many long weary days waiting for strength without which he could not withstand the amputation necessary. After a few moments conversation, for (I was greatly affected at his pitiable condition. I asked him if he would answer me one question truly, and readily aaenting. I said: "Suppose you were at home, and in good health, just as you were before this terrible war. and you knew all this would come to you if you enlisted in the service, would you enlist? Looking me squarely in the eye he responded promptly: "Yes, sir" and in a whisper he continued. "I would in a minute! What is my arm, my leg or my life compared with the safety of my country?" He had lost his leg, he was awaiting strength to withstand an operation which would loose for him his arm, and while thus patiently waiting and suffering the grim messenger came and his life was added to the sacrifice. This was patriotism, as we boys of '61 understood it, and an army of such men as Sergeant Roehm has claims upon the country and nation which can never be forgotten or fully paid.

Almost immediately after our reinlistment, Jan. 5th, 1864, it began to snow and continued to do so incessantly for two days and nights.

On the 7th the 39th Ill. started for Chattanooga where they expected to receive their veteran furlough, but it appeared as though we were destined to have another brush with the enemy before we were accorded this pleasure, as it soon became evident that the whole rebel army was advancing.

It continued to snow on the 8th and became decidedly colder, but this did not prevent the receipt of orders to supply ourselves with "sixty rounds" of cartridges and be in readiness to march on a moments notice.

This order was not very difficult to follow as we had no tents to take down and roll up, no knapsacks to pack, and were never so sound asleep but that we could easily be awakened.

Under this order we remained for several days, with no increase in rations, when on the eleventh we took to the road and marched as far as Strawberry plains. We thought we had more prospects of a furlough than a fight but we did not particularly care which just so one or the other would come quickly, as we were tired of the suspense.

At last on the 15th of January we were ordered to return to Chattanooga to receive our veterinary furlough, and the 51st Ill. and the 22nd Ind., marched thither with us.

We passed through Knoxville and crossed the Holston river, and later at Kingston crossed the Chinch river.

At this time the enemy appeared to be advancing towards our army and we were ordered to return

We recrossed the Holston river and retraced our steps several miles beyond where we went into camp.

On the 22nd we were moved forward and again crossed the Holston and Chinch rivers, and again passed through Kingston, Postaack spring and Big spring.

These springs were large and fine, and afforded splendid camping grounds near them for a large army.

On the 26th we crossed the Tennessee river at Chattanooga and moved into our old camp that we had left just after the battle of Mission Ridge.

We found our old camp just as we had left it, for it will be remembered that each company had left a guard behind them who remained to look after our tents etc.

Our tents were still standing and our knapsacks and clothing were just as we had left them.

Upon getting settled again more comfortably, my first move was to procure a pair of scissors and persuade comrade Engelbert Dreher to clip my long neglected flowing locks. He was something of a barber, but was out of the business, and only reluctantly consented to perform the favor.

He first cut off the locks, for they were inseparately linked together, until he could use a comb, and then attempted to even up on his job, resulting in a pretty close cut a little shorter than

was fashionable at that time

I had the consolation however to know that several weeks would, in all probability elapse before I should be able to reach home, giving it time to grow somewhat and present a more respectable appearance.

We tried our very best to prevent our blankets and clean clothing from being contaminated with the pests that had become almost unendurable, and as the weather had materially moderated we took to the river, stripped for the fray and started our old clothing down the Tennessee. Entering the river for a bath we were horrified to discover our enemies had proceeded us and were swimming about in droves. The boys above us had proceeded us to the water and had succeeded in starting their surplus stock down upon us. But we made the best of a bad job, and getting into our clean clothes felt much better and enjoyed the comforts of good quarters and full rations hugely.

On the 5th of February we were mustered out and also into the service again, and there was not much time lost between the two acts.

On the 8th the money due our regiment was turned over to us by the paymaster, but as individuals we did not receive it until we reached St. Louis.

On the 10th we left Chattanooga via rail for Nashville, homeward bound, at which city we arrived the next evening after a journey of twenty-seven hours.

After a few hours delay we continued our journey on to Louisville where we were assigned quarters in the Bullet street Barracks.

On the 14th we crossed the Ohio river and took the train at New Albany, Indiana, for Mitchell. Here we again changed cars and boarded the O. & M. train for St. Louis.

We reached East St. Louis on the afternoon of the 15th. some four hours late, caused by an accident on the road.

East St. Louis was handsomely decorated in our honor and the streets were thronged with people, as they had been informed of our re-inlistment for the war and of our return on a veteran furlough.

When the train containing our regiment reached the depot we were received by a committee on reception, a delegation from the common council and a large number of people.

Mr. Gottschalk, of the council of St. Louis, welcomed us home in a neat and appropriate speech, and we were tendered cheer after cheer by the multitude and shaken by the hands by numerous relatives and friends. A ferry boat had been chartered to convey us across the river, and when it reached the other shore we were again greeted by throngs of people. A company of the 1st Mo. cavalry, parts of eight companies of the National guards, the Swiss committee with the native flag of Switzerland, and delegations from several local societies were in waiting to receive us.

We were thus escorted to Turner's Hall which had been especially decorated and were there tendered a sumptuous banquet.

When we came in sight of that table, how eager we were to get a place and I fear our actions betrayed our thoughts. But when we were seated and had but just began "the feast" we found, to our great sorrow, that the lusting of our eyes and the craving of our hearts could not induce our poor contracted stomachs that had been accustomed to one ear of corn on the cob per day, to do the occasion justice.

None, however, failed to do justice to the grand banquet and as we sat around that board and received with grateful feelings the grand reception tendered us. we could not help — many of us — from recalling to mind those of our comrades who were missing. Those who marched off to the war as bouyant as any one of us, but who fell in the line of duty and now slept in their silent tombs all along our line of march. Of the nine hundred men who went out with us three years before only one hundred and sixty-seven were left to tell the story of our trials and triumphs, our joys and sorrows. Pea Ridge, Corinth, Perreville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge and Chattanooga and last, but not least, Andersonville prison were the resting places of the absent ones, and no doubt those "resting" in Andersonville would have been only too glad to have assisted us in this hour of feasting.

We brought home with us four flags. One, a plain American flag bearing the inscription, "the first flag of the regiment." Another, a mere remnant, tattered and torn, with "Pea Ridge" inscribed upon it, the third contained the names of "Stone River, Chickamauga and Mission Ridge" upon its folds, while the fourth was the Swiss flag which the ladies of Highland had presented us after the battle of Pea Ridge. Our regiment was organized as a Swiss regiment and the flag had been presented us by the ladies of Highland in honor of the gallantry displayed by our regiment in

that battle. It was brought to us by Major Landreth while we were stationed at Springfield, Mo., early in 1862. The ladies had placed it in his hands through Dr. Felder, with proper ceremonies, while he was on a visit to Highland. At this time also Mr. Bernhardt Suppiger also handed him (our Major) a fine gold watch with the request that he present it to the first Highland boy who displayed conspicuous bravery in battle. But it appeared that no such event ever followed as he remained the sole proprietor of the watch. But the flag we had carried faithfully through every battle, and I can assure the ladies of Highland that that flag was one of the very first flags of all Sheridan's division to be planted on the crest of Mission Ridge. It was now—upon our return—tattered and torn, and it showed marks of the many bullets it had encountered in honest battle. It had Pea Ridge inscribed on its folds before we received it. After Major Landreth left us Dr. Rutz became guardian of the flags and when he left Bowling Green, Ky, he took a solemn pledge from Colonel Conrad that he would see that that flag was safely returned to Highland when the end came.

After the banquet at Turner's Hall was over the ladies of St. Louis presented us with another flag. Col. Fletcher was selected to make the presentation speech, which he did in the following language, in substance:

"Dear Colonel: — The committee on reception and entertainment of this band of returned veteran soldiers, have assigned to me the pleasing duty of presenting to you and the brave men of your command, in their name and on the behalf of the grateful and loyal people of this commonwealth, this State flag. They hope you will receive it as a token of their appreciation of the noble patriotism that prompts you and the men of your command to dedicate anew your lives to the service of our common country. Upon its folds are emblazoned the names of the glorious fields on which the gallant 15th Mo. Vol. Infantry has won distinction for valor and reflected honor on our State. As Missourians we are proud of your regiment and delight to do it honor. We may well be proud of the name of a citizen of Missouri, and proclaim ourselves such with more pride than ever a Roman citizen stood up and announced his claim to a participation in his government by the proud title of a "Roman citizen." On every hard fought field of battle in the west. Missouri has been represented and in not a single instance has a Missouri regiment faulted. Mournful and sad will be the recollections induced by the inscriptions on this flag. At Stone River, for instance, where many of your gallant comrades laid down their lives in the defence of

the cause of liberty and the government of our fathers, the name will recall the memory of the brave who fell, and force the deepest regret to their friends their families and their country. But they did not die in vain. Their blood cements the stones of the colossal temple of our liberty, which under the providence of God, we are rearing until its lengthing shadow shall fall across the wide waters and awaken the spirit of liberty beneath the very shadow of the thrones of the old world. They died, but not in vain. A monument now marks the spot where they gave up their lives to the cause of liberty, and covers their mouldering ashes. Their descendants and friends will ever delight to journey there. Every true hearted American will seek to behold it, and the names and heroic deeds of the soldiers of Stone River will live in story and in song as long as language shall endure or liberty shall find a home on this green earth. They died not in vain, they were the advance guard of the grand army of human progression, leading the way to the accomplishment of the high destiny designed by the creator, for men of his creation. We are proud of the part born by our troops in the efforts of our government to reestablish the Federal authority in the seceded states, and we have reason to be proud of them.

"We are proud of our country —

The heroes who clung to the shrine of her freedom.

defying the storm;

They trod the dark valley of terror arid blood.

But victorious at last in their majesty they stood."

We feel that this flag will flash in the sunlight of victory and be born with credit, the fit associate in battle of the star spangled banner. On it is wrought the arms of the state, soon to be the emblem of liberty; indeed, soon to float over our noble state covering no foot of soil polluted by the presence of a single slave. We have tunnelled our way into the seceding states until the light of victory is beginning to be plainly discerned. Soon the stars and stripes will float in triumph over the whole land. And when the flag of our common country is placed upon the last stronghold of the enemy we expect the flag of Missouri to be planted beside it, there to wave victoriously over the "last ditch" simultaneously with the stars and stripes. And when our national flag floats only over free men. and slavery has become a thing of the past, then will the glory of the American stir shed its real luster upon the world. And liken unto the star which the wise men saw rising in the east, it

will had civilized men to the shrine of liberty and inculcate by example the lesson of freedom and progression. Colonel, the loyal men of Missouri; joyful at the return of the men of your command who have survived the hard service and many dangers of the camp and field, proud of your achievements and the honor you have reflected upon the state, and deeply grateful to you as brave defenders of our government, have chosen this manner of expressing their joy. their pride and gratitude. Though they may not share the dangers of the field with you, their hearts throb with as truly warm feelings for the success of our arms as do your own. They are not idle. While you fight the enemy in the front they war him in the rear, and ere you return again from the field, they will have swept the last vantage of slavery from our noble state and will have eradicated the very germ from whence this civil strife originated, thereby giving us a guarantee for the future peace and prosperity of our loved state. They have decreed that loyal men shall rule Missouri. Fear not that all their time is spent in faithless talk about what is to be done with the rebels and slavery the logic of event* will make all of one mind on these subjects. If those who are most troubled will go with us to the front we can guarantee that the logic of the camp, the march and the field will soon produce a perfect harmony of feeling as to what ought to be done with both the rebels and the institution of slavery. Take then, this flag! the past is a guarantee for the future, and we feel that with the 15th Missouri we have a state depository for the name and fame of Missouri. Let it kiss the breeze with the flag of the Union — one and inseparable let them be in fair fight and they never will go down."

At the conclusion of Col. Fletcher's address three rousing cheers were tendered Him and the donors. amid the greatest enthusiasm and also a like compliment was tendered Gen. Fremont. It will be remembered that we were mustered as Fremont's body guard in 1861. and had made our first campaign under his lead and the boys had never ceased to love and honor him.

On receiving the flag. Col. Conrad, of the 15th Mo., said:

"In the name of the Regiment I tender you our most heartfelt thanks for this beautiful emblem. It is really more than we deserve. Many thanks for all the honors the citizens of St. Louis have shown us today. We will always endeavor to uphold the honor of our State and National government under which we live."

Our Colonel was no speaker and was not prepared for such an

experience. In fact Major Gates, formerly of our regiment, when he stepped forward, months before this scene, to introduce our Colonel, said: "Gentlemen and Comrades, here is a man, who, like Gen. Grant, can not make a speech for you, but he is a man that can fight for you."

The occasion of the presentation of this beautiful flag of course called forth rounds of applause from the boys, and to cap the climax Gen. John McNeil, the "original radical," was called and responded in one of his happiest efforts. I his increased the enthusiasm to the highest pitch, in the midst of which, we left the hall in search of quarters for the night. This was not an easy thing to do as we had not seen a "pay day" for over six months. We had no money and were far from being attractive in the way of payment and appearance. We did not wish to call on our old friends and relatives as it was now too late in the evening for them to procure for us a clean change of clothing etc. We soon gave up the idea of sleep that night and concluded to make it an occasion for a general frolic and a number of friends who had met us remained with us and did not fail in their efforts to make it as pleasant as possible.

The next day. Feb. 16, 1864, Uncle Sam gallantly came forward and settled our accounts to the best of his ability, in the depreciated currency then in vogue. We were also to receive one hundred dollars as a bounty for our first three years' service, as was promised in 1861, but when we figured it out as to its actual value, we found that it only represented about \$60 in gold. If we were to figure our entire salary for our three years service on the same basis we would have found ourselves minus about one hundred and sixty dollars, the value of which, on a greenback basis would have reached two hundred and sixty dollars, and at the close of the war would have run up to over \$500 for each man. Had Uncle Sam then given each soldier a five hundred dollar 5:20 six per cent gold interest bearing bond each regiment could have incorporated a No. 1 National bank. Such a thing however was then unthought of although we all knew full well the great voluntary sacrifice they had made for their country's weal, but quietly submitted to this additional sacrifice almost robbery—without a groan. The purchasing power of these then depreciated greenbacks were wholly insufficient to provide for the wants of the families of the soldiers. Some of our comrades at this time were languishing in Andersonville. They had had no pay day no opportunity to assist their families in any way. Did the government do any thing for these families? No. they would then, like now,

have been permitted to go to the poor houses as far as the general government was concerned.

But at this time we did not think we had done enough service to entitle us to a pension, or even to send us to Congress, therefore we had reinlisted for the war. This was twenty-five years or more ago. and even now at this late day. when we ask nothing for ourselves further than that the government shall maintain our unfortunate comrades outside of common poor houses, they are slow of action, and the G. A. R. has sprung up to render necessary aid as far as in their power by private contributions. And still the cry is beard that "the Grand Army saved the Union for the sake only of pensions, they think of nothing but pensions." As far as the G. A. R. is concerned, it waited nearly a quarter of a century before they found it out.

We bad no sooner received our pay than the typical Jew was upon us and hooked right and left onto our arms, and soon many of our boys not only possessed a new suit of clothes but found themselves handsomely fleeced.

I was more fortunate here than some of my comrades. My brother John then resided in St. Louis. He accompanied me to the clothing store where we purchased the necessary clothing, carried it to a barber shop where I enjoyed an old fashioned shampoo—I did not need a shave or a hair cut, for my beard did not then bother me much and my hair had not recovered from the shock it received at the hands of comrade Dreher at Chattanooga, and afterwards a splendid bath. After a thorough scrubbing here I donned my new suit and left the old regimentals to walk off by themselves.

After this we felt that we could go and see our civilized friends, but we soon concluded that St. Louis was not the best place for us to tarry long if we expected to retain money enough to reach our respective homes.

CHAPTER X.

On the 17th we received our furlough, and on the 18th we Highland and Trenton boys together with other comrades and officers (even Col. Conrad honored us with his company) took the tram for Trenton. Not being able, to procure transportation there that evening we were obliged to remain all night, and scattering ourselves around among friends enjoyed ourselves highly, especially was this so with the company that went to Baden Baden.

On the 9th we proceeded to Highland in hacks, wagons, etc. On arriving at the old mill hill, we formed in line and marched into and through the city under command of Colonel Conrad and headed by a brass band. The boys bore aloft the remnant of our old Swiss flag which Colonel Conrad had promised Dr. Rutz to return, and he had taken this as an appropriate opportunity to do so. We were brought up at last before the Switzerland house where the citizens had prepared a grand feast with the best of old wine from Koepflisberg. The banquet was only such as Highland has ever been noted for preparing, and the toasts were many and full of feeling, many references being had to the hardships and dangers encountered by "their boys" during their three years absence.

The citizens had also made arrangements for a concert and hall in our honor, the proceeds of which were to be a benefit to the soldiers' widows and orphans.

After hugely enjoying the feast set before us and the hearty welcome tendered us we sought our respective homes to prepare for the concert and ball in the evening.

Our reception at home would be difficult indeed to describe, but well do I remember the words of my father, who, after he had surveyed me as it were from head to foot, and observed that I had grown strong and healthy, said in reply to my statement that I had re-enlisted for three years more: "You did right.

If I had gone through what you have and had endured what you have, I would have wanted to see the end also, if life and health would permit." Father undoubtedly felt proud of the record of the company and of the safe return of his boy. for he had long since recanted from his stem opposition. But it was not so with mother. She too appreciated the cause and the record, she too was gratified at my safe return and good health, but it did not take her long to see that he had changed, he used words and expressions that he had not known before he first left the family circle, and no doubt, before the thirty days of the furlough were over, she observed many things in my thoughtless manner and careless actions that grieved her sorely.

It was but a few hours now until the time would arrive for the concert and ball, and the moments slipped away very fast in the old family circle. Towards evening, leaving those of my family who wished to attend to go by themselves. I excused myself and started out in quest of the "girl I had left behind me. and escorted her to the hall. We had a jolly time that night, and some of us boys took our first lesson in the round dances, and had we paid

attention to the instructions we there received, the practice of the following thirty days would have been sufficient to have made us experts in the secrets of the dizzy waltz.

Our officers received an invitation to visit the Koepfli Bros. at their residence on the hill, the following day, and as I was a life long neighbor. I was fortunate enough to be included. It was the first time that I had associated in such a manner with our officers, but I got along first rate until the wine began to flow too freely, when I soon found out that I was no match for them. I had never been initiated into the society of staff officer and consequently could not equal one of them in such a contest. A few most pleasant hours were thus passed amid music, wine and cigars, and receiving a kind invitation to call again before leaving for the front, I returned home.

A few days later I called on the Messrs Koepfli again and was greatly surprised to find that, although it was February without, they had all their doors and windows wide open. Upon inquiry I learned that the scent of tobacco smoke was very disagreeable to them and that they were trying to free the house from the fumes of the late party there. I laughed heartily and could not help asserting that they should have expected that much when they invited the staff officers to their home.

After a series of balls, concerts and parties in Highland, for the loyal people never seemed to tire of their entertainment of the boys in blue, we extended our sport to farm houses and neighboring towns. We gave Marine and Edwardsville friendly calls in quest of fun and were most successful in finding it.

One night we had a frolic at Fellhour's, where Mr. S. Spengel now lives. On this occasion I drove a blind horse of Mr. Tuffli's, and as we broke up only a little before daylight and as it was very dark we had quite an accident. Engelbert Dreher proposed that I should follow him as my horse was blind, and so we drove out of the gate, and thence down the steep hill close by. But it was so dark that I could not see the rig before me and my blind horse was so fractious that I could not hold him. The result was that the first thing I knew we had run into comrade Dreher, and both buggies were badly demolished by the encounter. His "best girl" was slightly injured by the collision while mine, together with Dreher and myself escaped without injury. We finally got straightened out in a measure and reached home without further trouble.

But our thirty days "off" from duty were not to be all sunshine and pleasure. for ere long we learned that Wash Boyer, a returned

soldier had been almost killed by the "bush whackers" (Ray's gang) near Old Ripley, and that other soldiers had been badly treated. It did not take long to gather a squad of the boys together for a visit to Old Ripley. But the "rebs" heard of our coming and decamped from the town before we reached it. and there was nothing left for us to do but to smother our wrath and enjoy a visit with the loyal people thereabouts.

In this way our thirty days furlough was only too soon at an end.

I attempted in my poor way to describe my first leave taking from my mother, but it would be still more vain for me to attempt a description of the second, or rather the third. It was not my health or bodily danger that seemed to worry her most, but the certainty, as she feared, of my being eternally lost should death overtake me. She could not be reconciled, and I was obliged to leave her almost heart broken with fears for her. as she supposed, wayward son.

On the 16th of March we again left our happy Highland homes and friends, full of pleasant recollections, and returned to St. Louis. A company of friends and neighbors, including a number of ladies, accompanied us thither. We roamed about the city at leisure until the 18th, when we were ordered to assemble at the corner of Locust and 4th streets, from whence we were marched to Benton Barracks, where some of the comrades were locked up for misbehavior. It happened in this way: We had received a number of recruits at Highland for our company and they had preceded us to St. Louis several days to complete their muster, and on account of the frequent bounty jumping that was practiced at this time, they were kept under a very close guard. As soon as we broke ranks and were assigned quarters, it was learned that our recruits were confined on the other side of the parade grounds directly opposite, and three of us young boys, Wm. Jackson (son of our Lieut. Col.) Christ Reber and myself started on a run across the grounds. I was first to reach the guard, and was suddenly halted, next came Reber, and he was received in the same manner as was right, but Jackson, who brought up the rear, was the Colonel's son and thought he would go in any how, when the guard knocked him down with his gun. Reber undertook to take his part and was also knocked down. All the guards having turned out and seeming desirous of getting a whack at us, I do not know how I got started in the muss, but I was the only one who had a revolver, and quick as thought I attempted to use it in our defence. I was soon overpowered however and husteled off to the guard house. I did

not like it much as it was the first punishment I had received since I entered the service, and it looked then that it might become quite serious.

My two companions were soon relieved, but Capt. Walker, commander of the Barracks, preferred charges against me for attempting to shoot a commissioned officer. I suppose he thought it would be an honor for him to prove that his life, for once, was in danger, as I was probably the wildest rebel he had ever seen.

I did not suffer much during my confinement as many of my comrades brought me little extras, and many a quart of beer was smuggled through with the supposition that it was coffee. But when my mother heard of my condition and the seriousness of the charge laid to my door, it no doubt proved a serious blow and probably fortified her fears that I was indeed going to the bad.

But when our regiment was ready to leave St. Louis, our Colonel went to headquarters and procured my release. He stated that I had been a good soldier and that he would rather give me a court martial in the regiment if necessary than to leave me behind. And when he brought me out of the guard house, he laughed and told me that I should behave better next time, and that was the last I ever heard of it.

The boys were all closely guarded while at Benton Barracks to keep them together, and guards were sent out daily to capture those who were still atragglng about the city.

On the 25th we received our arms, not the old Enfield rifles, hut brand new Springfield rifles, which pleased us very much.

On the 26th we left the Barracks and proudly marched through the city with our new flag floating above us and our new guns glistening in the sunshine, and brought up on the levee, where, during the afternoon, we boarded the "Silver Lake" steamer and proceeded down the Mississippi. We advanced only a few miles, however, when we took moorings at the east bank and laid too until morning.

We were now on our way to the front again, and we well knew what was in store for us, and although all realized the hardships and suffering in the front I am satisfied that we did not have a man among us who regretted the step he had taken when he had re-inlisted for the war.

Sunday morning. March 27th. we continued our journey down the Mississippi. Nothing more than usual transpired during the day. and towards evening, as on the day preceding, we again cast

anchor for the night at Wirtenberg, Mo. The next morning the wind was blowing almost a hurricane, and it was with great difficulty that our plot kept the "Silver Lake" in the channel of the river. That night was also passed at anchor. The next day was more calm and pleasant and the journey was more interesting. We passed old Cape Girardeau, Mo., that day, where we had in 1862 taken to the boats in our travels. We arrived at Cairo, Ill., at two o'clock p m where we were permitted to stretch ourselves upon terre firma for a few hours again, when we boarded our craft and proceeded up the Ohio river. We continued our journey nearly all night and at noon, March 30th, we passed the mouth of the Tennessee river at Paducah, Ky. We continue up the Ohio river until we reached Smith's Landing, where we switched off into the Cumberland river.

On the afternoon of March 31st we heard the whistle of the rebel bullets for the first time since our pleasant furlough. We experienced no difficulty in recognizing them as they had not changed their air a particle. It was while we were steaming along near Canton, Ky., that we were fired upon by "bush-whackers." Orders were immediately given to hove too, and upon reaching the land we went ashore, but could not find the laddies. We stationed pickets around and about and remained there during the night. It was a most disagreeable experience, for while our "bush-whacker" friends continued to keep themselves out of reach, the rain poured down in torrents and we were most thoroughly initiated into the second degree of our service. F. C. & L.

The next morning, April 1st. dawned bright and fair and we continued our travels up the Cumberland river. The wind soon veered again however and it rained almost constantly during the day. Toward evening we passed Fort Donnelson where General Grant had so gallantly gathered some of his laurels and "stars" arriving towards evening at Clarksville, where we cast anchor for the night

The next morning we left our moorings and continued to steam up the river. The weather was more pleasant and we congratulated ourselves over our prospects. But it could not last long, and towards evening it was raining quite steadily again. Our officers of course occupied the cabins, while we were compelled to shift for ourselves, but could find little or no shelter, while at night we were detailed regularly for picket duty.

On the afternoon of April 4th we reached Nashville, Tenn. We were not strangers here as we had been stationed in that city for

quite a while in 1862, and the old town looked perfectly natural to us.

We had now traveled a distance of 360 miles from St. Louis, via steamer.

We remained on board the boat until the following morning, April 5th, when we fell into line and marching through the city took quarters at No. 2, Soldiers' Rest, near the Chattanooga depot, and "Nashville, Tenn., April 6th, 1864," was the heading of many a letter that was afterwards read by loved ones at home. It was the first opportunity we had had to write since we left home.

On the 7th we drew a quantity of new clothing, and on the 8th one veteran regiment left "Soldiers Rest" to march to the front.

We were also completing our arrangements at this time, for, as we understood it, a long march to the front, and received orders to "fall in" on the afternoon of the day following, April 9th, when we proceeded to Mill Creek, some five miles distant. On the 10th we traveled fifteen miles, camping for the night four miles south of Lavernue, near the railroad. On the 11th we traveled only eleven miles, camping one mile south of Murfeesboro, near our old camp grounds on Stone River, and were thus reminded afresh of our brave and loved comrades who had fallen by our side a little over one year before. Sergeant Grundliner, our flag bearer; Henry Dill, our bugler and Theophilus Suter, our drummer were killed here, together with others whose name I can not now recall.

On the 12th we marched 15 miles on the Shelbyville Pike. The country hereabouts had been most beautiful, but the constant coming and going of the two opposing armies for nearly three years had sheared it of all its loveliness and left rank devastation only behind. The 13th added another twelve long weary miles to our log and in the evening we went into camp one mile south of Shelbyville, where we received a new supply of "hard tack."

Our journey of the 14th, was only ten miles in length, but over a woefully rough country, and when we went into camp at Platt Creek all were in a most proper mood for a good night's rest. On the 15th we passed through Tulohoma. camping just south of that village, near the rebel cemetery, a distance of 9 miles. The rebel forts here remained unchanged since the summer of 1863 when they were occupied by the rebel army under General Bragg. Now of course we had a better opportunity of viewing the works, and were now more firmly convinced in our opinion that Gen. Rosecrans had acted most properly in his efforts at that time in

flanking the enemy out of their stronghold.

As we were not on a forced march we were permitted to make our advance very leisurely, with an occasional day of rest. The 16th was accordingly one of those days and letter writing, games and sport was the order of exercises. Leap-frog seemed to be the craze that day and was pretty generally engaged in. and to excess, so much so that many of them could hardly drag themselves along the next day and descending a hill was real torture, as they claimed that the flesh of their limbs felt as though it would surely drop from the bone.

Twelve miles were covered on the 17th amid the rain and slush. We crossed Elk River and camped that night at Ducard Station; a like number of miles were passed on the 18th when we went through Cowen station and crossed the Cumberland mountains. It was a hard march and we all enjoyed our camp that night at Tunnel station. Twelve miles also constituted our march on the 19th, mostly along the railroad track, and the evening found us in the state of Alabama, camped near Anderson station.

On the evening of April 20th, after a march of eleven miles on the railroad track, we reached Stevenson. Ala., and camped near our old camp grounds there of 1863.

It now rained incessantly for several days, but after two days' rest the 22nd found us "on the road" again. Crossing the Tennessee river at Bridgeport, we traversed some twelve miles, and on the day following, the 23rd, twelve more long miles were added to our log, and brought us to Whiteside's station where we met the 82nd Ill. regiment, among whose ranks we found a number of Highland boys, which was the signal for a splendid time, and the occasion of many "war" stories.

Whiteside, will be remembered more particularly by its huge trussle railroad bridge, and it was the wonder of the company that it accomplished its purpose without a frightful accident. It was no less than one hundred feet high and had been destroyed and rebuilt so often by the two armies that it was in a terrible condition. Great long saplins strapped to one another five or six stories in height and braced only with ordinary planks gave it the appearance of a vertible spider web. and when trains would pass over it it would rock to and fro as though it must surely fall, and I know that no soldier who passed over it will fail to remember its condition and appearance, although to my knowledge no accident ever resulted.

On the 24th, after a fourteen mile tramp, we reached Chattanooga, camping near Lookout Mountain, a place we had surely not forgotten. We remained here three days, climbing over the mountains and scouting over our old battle fields in quest of lancet roots and soapstones from which to manufacture rude pies, etc., as mementoes

From the top of Lookout Mountain it is said that one can look upon seven different states, but we found it very difficult to distinguish the lines dividing them.

On the 28th we crossed Mission Ridge on the Chattanooga & Knoxville railroad, covering some twelve miles. During the day we could plainly hear cannonading in the distance, a signal for us that we were nearing the front and were getting close to "business."

On the 29th we passed the camp of Gen. Wood's division of our old 4th army Corps, while Maj. Gen. O. D. Howard was reviewing the troops as he was now in command of this corps, we marched fifteen miles. The next day, April 30th, we marched to the camp of our brigade and division, only three miles distant, who were lying with the rest of our army near Cleveland, Tenn. Upon our arrival here we received our first mail since leaving home in March. We also met our non-veteraned comrades toward whom we felt like brothers. Although they had not seen fit to re-enlist, they had fought and marched by our side for three long years. We had much to tell them from home, and they in their turn had soon posted us relative to the situation at the front. Gen. Howard had been appointed as our corps commander. He was a good, brave and sober minded officer, and had lost his right arm in the service, while connected with the army of the Potomac, at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va. General J. Newton (P. S.) had also succeeded to the command of our division. We grieved over the loss of our former commander, our brave and beloved Phil. Sheridan, but were more than pleased to hear of his "sending the rebels whirling through Winchester" a little later on.

CHAPTER XI.

Our great General. U. S. Grant, had now been appointed Commander in Chief of all the armies of the United States. The high grade of Lieutenant General had been revived by Congress and conferred upon him, and no less than seven hundred thousand Union soldiers were now to move at his command.

This great army was divided into two grand divisions. The

army of the Potomac, under command of Mead and Grant, was to advance upon Richmond, defended at that time by Gen. Lee, while Gen. W. T. Sherman, commanding our army at Chattanooga, now numbering fully one thousand men, was to march against Atlanta, defended by Gen. Johnston, and it was then understood that to these two great movements all other military operations was to be subservient.

On the 23d day of May, 1864, we were ordered to store our baggage for the memorial. Atlanta campaign and "Sherman's march to the Sea" was began. We marched fifteen miles that day in the direction of Dalton. Dalton was strongly fortified and was manned and guarded with about eighty thousand confederates, under command of Gen. J. E. Johnston

Disciplin in our army had daily become more stringent since its reorganization, and not a few officers were dismissed from the service for drunkenness and other causes, while some I must confess were relieved for disloyalty. Privates for negligence while on duty and for desertion, were punished without mercy according to army regulations. It was reported that General Sherman had said when he first took command of this army. "I will shortly come among you and hold a terrible inspection," and it was evident that he intended to fulfill his promise.

But the pulse of patriotism began to flow more strongly in our army. Officers and men alike looked forward to the campaign with great confidence for success and enthusiasm ran high.

There is no doubt also but that the same feeling existed in the army in our front, but before many weeks they could not help but realize that their "ship of hope" was drifting down the stream and that their firm expectations of success was fast fading away.

On the 4th of May our cavalry skirmished all day, and turning to the right of Dalton we marched ten miles toward Tunnell Hill. This movement was made to turn Johnston's flank, as Dalton was strongly fortified, and compell him to vacate his stronghold.

McPherson's army was ordered to advance through Ship's Gap and Snake Creek Gap towards Resaca in order to detract the attention of the enemy from this movement, while we, under General Thomas, were ordered to advance and attack in their front. Accordingly on the 7th, by skirmishing alt day, we succeeded in advancing only four miles and on the 8th only two miles, experiencing considerable hard fighting.

We at last succeeded in securing possession of Tunnell Hill just

opposite Buzzard's Roost Gap, to which the enemy had retreated. We then marched eight miles to the top of Buzzard's Roost, or Rocky Face, and back again on the 9th, returning during the night. On the 10th we again returned to Buzzard's Roost and commenced building breast works. It now began to rain heavily and one who was not there can hardly realize how cold and disagreeable it was on the top of the mountain at this time, although in the month of May. The rain froze as it fell and the stones and earth were soon covered with a solid sheet of ice.

On the 11th we relieved the 2nd brigade in front. We charged the enemy and experienced heavy fighting all day, while the weather continued most disagreeably cold. It was our division — Newton's — that captured the Ridge, and then continued our course southward to Dalton.

This engagement was known as the "battle of Rocky Faced Ridge," and if it resulted in no other good for the lives lost, it gave McPherson ample time to get within one mile of Resaca.

We continued our attack on Dalton on the 12th, being in skirmish line fighting all day and night. That is, we were in skirmish line for full twenty-four hours without relief, and on the morning of the 13th, the Confederates vacated Dalton. We followed them through the city and were much surprised to behold the formidable works that had been erected.

We could hear considerable fighting in the direction of Resaca, and were pressed toward as rapidly as possible. On the 14th, after a hard march, we pushed on the confederate lines near that place and did not cease in our forward movement until the enemy had been driven within the city limits.

After two hard fought battles on the 14th and 15th. in which our company lost four men —among them Peter Beele. of Highland, who was shot through both ankles—the city fell, and the rebs retreated by way of Colhoun and Kingston. to Dallas.

A great deal might be said about the part Co. "B" and its associates took in this two days' battle at Resaca, but I have so minutely described so many of our former like experiences that I will not repeat it here.

We captured a large store of provisions and four large siege guns. while the Confederates succeeded in destroying four spans of the railroad bridge. They also attempted to destroy the wagon bridge across the river, but were unsuccessful. Our loss during the several engagements here was reported at 3,500, while the loss of

the Confederates was undoubtedly less as they fought on the defensive and were protected by their works.

Our division Thomas'—being in the center on skirmish line when the enemy began to retreat, were pressed forward in pursuit. We pushed them

through Resaca, which was also most strongly fortified, thence across the river, driving them in all over six miles on the 16th.

On the 17th we were again placed in the advance, skirmishing and charging all day, and pushed forward some eight miles.—young Charles Weniger, a special friend and comrade of mine, fell badly wounded at my side at this time.

By nightfall on the 17th our division had driven the enemy in their front as far as Andersonville, where near a house called Oak Grove, they hastily entrenched themselves and offered us a stubborn resistance. A spirited charge, however, soon dislodged them and the drift "toward the sea" continued.

May 18th was but a repetition of the few days preceeding. We advanced some seven miles in pursuit of the rebs, and on the following day were relieved by Hooker's Corps, who took the advance. We advanced some ten miles that day, however, to Kingston, where it was expected the enemy would make a stand. They continued their retreat some six miles further, however, to Cassville, where they had selected their position and strongly fortified themselves.

After the last of the enemies had been driven over and beyond the Etowah river, the bridge over which was burned, we were accorded a three days rest. We had been in action over sixteen consecutive days, fighting almost continuously, and were completely worn out and jaded, during these few days our communications were established and provisions sent forward. The railroad was rebuilt and repaired as fast as our army advanced and we had therefore, never suffered for want of rations, although it was true that we were frequently compelled to dine on uncooked fare.

One division of our corps was now sent to Rome to take possession of that city. The expedition was a fine success. We captured the large siege guns in the forts there and destroyed several large mills and founderies.

With a heavily loaded provision train, on the afternoon of the 23d. we again resumed our journey forward. We crossed the Etowah river and proceeded some eight miles beyond.

On the 24th we continued our march 12 miles, amid a continuous heavy rain, toward Dallas, passing some fifteen miles west of Marietta. We took this round-about way to avoid having to force our way through Allatoona Gap, a narrow pass in the mountains, through which the railroad ran, which was strongly fortified.

Our division advanced through Euharlee and Burnt Hickory, where we had quite a brush with the enemy's cavalry and captured a courier with dispatches from Gen Johnston. These dispatches proved that the General was well aware of our advance and also informed us that he had determined to put a stop to this advancing "to the sea" business.

On the 25th of May we traveled seven miles and pushed forward upon the enemy's line near Dallas.

The country around and about Dallas was mountainous and thickly set with forests.

The battle was provoked by a charge from Hooker's corps, which formed the first line. Our division formed the second line, and although the confederates were driven from their position by Hooker, there were many stragglers from his command. We had never seen the like before. Two and three able-bodied men assisting one wounded soldier to the rear, and in many instances traveling at such a fast gait that the wounded man could not keep up with them.

Hooker's loss was large, as we had a splendid opportunity to observe while we advanced in the rear.

We massed in column and prepared for a final charge that evening, but as it had become so dark in the woods where we were situated, it was abandoned and we were ordered to break ranks and get to work building breastworks, that we might be the better enabled to hold the advantage we had already gained on the following day.

The next morning our regiment was sent out on picket, and as was expected, were soon charged upon by the rebels. We did not have much trouble in repulsing their attacks and our temporary works proved very comfortable.

Our position was now at New Hope Church, a junction of the roads leading from Acksworth, Marietta and Dallas. We remained in this position, facing New Hope Church for several days, working on our works every night and making them stronger, while our right and left flank were attempting to overlap those of the enemy.

This caused the rebs to make several charges on our line, thinking we had weakened our center to strengthen our flanks, but we repulsed them each time although at considerable loss of life.

On the 28th they threw a considerable force against McPherson, but were badly handled, losing 2,500 men to our 286, for McPherson had his works in splendid order. The Confederates were beginning to feel considerably cramped and were undoubtedly seeking for our weakest point, but they did not find it.

During this time we constructed an additional line of works nearer to those of the enemy in this manner. We would, during the night, station pickets in front of our works in such numbers that they would be only a few yards apart. Each picket during the night would dig himself a hole, using his bayonet to loosen the dirt and his tin cup to throw it out. This accomplished they would take their picks and shovels and dig a trench from hole to hole, being perfectly safe from the rebel bullets after they had their holes dug. Thus in the morning our friends across the way would behold a complete new line of works before them and considerably nearer than the old ones of the night before and fully manned with a sufficient number of soldiers to hold it against their attacks.

The two line of works finally became so close together that it became very unhealthy for the boys on either side to expose themselves much above the level of the works, as there was some one always on the watch to lay him low, and it was thus that Comrade Seelinger of our company was killed on June 2d.

We played several "yankee tricks" on the rebs while we lay in these works. On the 3d of June for instance, being within hearing distance, we unfurled our flags and one of the boys gave all the preliminary commands for a charge, when the yell was raised as if we were starting for them. But when the confederates raised up to see us coming we were in our works with our muskets nicely in line ready to fire a volley into them. What execution we did by it we did not know but they shouted over to us their utter disgust for such a d-d yankee trick.

One of the most disagreeable duties during this time that we had to perform was when we were detailed to crawl out of our works after dark as a videt to observe the movements of the enemy so as to prevent a surprise. One night I was ordered out and crawled cautiously a considerable distance forward. I removed everything in my way fearful of making a noise and scarcely dared to breathe. As usual in such cases I soon wanted to cough and only

with a great effort could I suppress it. I was sure I had crawled over half the distance between the two lines, and knowing that they had out videts also, I imagined I heard something. It sounded like the heavy breathing of some one right in front of me and came nearer and nearer every moment. I did not turn around but I soon found myself involuntarily sliding backwards, and when day dawned I had only five yards to go to get inside of our works. I have thought since that it was all my imagination but if my hair had turned gray the next day I should not have been surprised.

On the morning of June 4th all was suddenly quiet in the enemy's works and the rumor begin to float around that they had decamped. On such occasions some one of the boys would cover himself with green leaves and boughs like a horse in fly time and crawl cautiously toward their line while his companions would keep a sharp lookout towards their line so as to shoot the first one that might discover our crawler. If they were gone, he would reach their works in safety, while if they were not gone he would discover the fact and reach his position sometimes even undiscovered. This morning it was true, the enemy had left our front. Our left wing it was known was just about ready to take possession of Ackworth, and it was unhealthy for them to stay at New Hope Church longer, so they made haste to get to Kenesaw, Pine and Lost Mountains. By this movement Altoona Pass was also vacated and the railroad which had been destroyed was soon repaired so that by the 8th provisions was already brought into camp over it.

We had closely followed the retreating enemy up to this time, and now after drawing four days rations, we were advanced towards "Big Shanty" or Ackworth's station directly facing Kenesaw Mountain.

Johnston's position on these mountains were no doubt the strongest and most difficult to flank we had yet encountered. It was almost a "Gibraltar" protecting Marietta and the railroad along the Chattahoochie river, but it appeared that the enemy's lines were stretched out too long to be strong for the number of men at command. It was evident that we did not have enough men to flank such a line, and accordingly it was soon understood that Sherman had concluded to break the line between Kenesaw and Pine Mountains, and McPherson was called upon to execute the order. The attempt was made on the 10th but failed, although the fighting continued all along the line for several days, while earth works were again thrown up as at New Hope Church.

It had now commenced to rain and kept it up several days. Our earth works thus were not a very inviting retreat and were soon filled with mud and water. During this time also the boys in blue and the boys in grey entered into an agreement not to shoot at one another unless ordered to do so, in which case due and timely warning should be given. By this compact, while we lay at ease we could move about freely, getting on top of our works and talking with each other, the Johnnies and the Yanks. We would meet half way between the lines, exchange newspapers with them and swap our coffee for their tobacco.

During this time one of the 44th Ill. went out with a few pounds of coffee to meet his tobacco merchant but they could not agree. The "Johnnie" wanted more coffee for his tobacco, while the "Yank" wanted more tobacco for his coffee. So they agreed to wrestle for it, with the understanding that the one who threw the other one out of three times was to take the whole lot. The works on both sides were lined with soldiers and when the scuffle began they began to shout, hurrah for the 44th, hurrah for the Johnnie. It was a short affair, however, and the 44th was soon master of the field and came marching back proudly with his coffee and tobacco. The shouting then became tremendous and one would have believed to have heard the "yell" that a great victory had been won.

On the 14th the artillery of our corps and Hooker's also opened a great bombardment toward Pine mountain, during which the Confederate General, Polk, was killed. On the following morning we were again convinced that the enemy had "moved on," and it was soon discovered that he had taken up his position on some rugged hills that connected Kenesaw with Lost mountain.

About noon on the 15th we again advanced en masse, close column, with fixed bayonets, fully expecting to be ordered to charge their works.

Our division commander, General Newton, frequently appeared to be under the influence of liquor from the way in which he at this time quarreled with our brigade commander, General Kimble, and the boys were decidedly in sympathy with the latter.

We advanced to a fine position on a high hill which we fortified strongly during the night, June 15, and on the following day the Confederates moved from our front.

The Confederates during this time had scattered their lines and

their right wing now rested at Marietta and their left at Nose's Creek, while Kensaw mountain formed their center. From the top of Kensaw mountain the rebels could obtain a perfect view of our entire camp and observe our every movement. Their artillery, however, did not effect half the execution among us they contemplated it was doing, for their position was too high and we were too near them.

On the 17th we followed them up the mountain fully a mile, changing our front from south to almost east. But it commenced raining again and for several days we were all in a most pitiable plight. The fun never abated however.

On the 18th of June we again charged the enemy and drove them out of two lines of their works, but could not dislodge them in the third. We held our position however, posted and fortified our artillery, when the boys in Gray again left our front during the darkness. We followed them up quickly, experienced considerable fighting on the 19th and succeeded in gaining another fine position almost directly south of the Kensaw mountains.

The 20th we spent on the skirmish line, and the day proved an uneventful one until about 4 o'clock, when a general bombardment with over one hundred guns was inaugurated. The shelling was spirited from both sides and, although the shot and shell passed harmlessly over our heads, the earth shook as if by an earthquake. It was a fighting preliminary for the Judgment day.

That night we were relieved from duty on the skirmish line by the 14th army corps, and on the 21st we in turn relieved Hooker's, the 20th corps, which went further to the right.

The bombardment continued unabated, we drove back the confederate skirmishers and made another line of breastworks. Along toward evening our company cook brought forward our coffee, and while in the act of drinking my comrade and "bunky," Adolph Fass, was struck by a bullet from the enemy, inflicting an ugly scalp wound. Although he was not dangerously injured he had to be taken to the hospital in the rear.

On the 22nd the 24th Wisc. relieved our regiment on the skirmish line and we were sent to the right again, where we succeeded in pushing the enemy still further back and threw up another line of breastworks. We had considerable hard fighting that day and before our works were completed the confederates retaliated, charging upon us with a vengeance. but we held our position.

On the 23rd the 26th Ohio and the 74th Ill. attempted to drive the confederate skirmish line back but could not as the artillery was too near.

It still continued to rain day and night and we laved quiet in our earthworks. muddy as they were, during the 24th and 25th, the artillery duel, however, never ceasing.

The noise of the bombardment had little or no effect on us. We had became so accustomed to it that our sleep was as sound as if all was as still as death.

On the 26th we were again sent out on the skirmish line but were relieved on the 27th by the 59th Ill., of the 1st division.

Our division was now formed into line, with fixed bayonets for a charge. We did not appreciate the prospects for we knew full well how formidable the confederate's works were. The effort was a determined one but the obstructions in our path were so great that our progress was slow. We lost heavily before we had covered one half the distance and were then compelled to withdraw. Our loss was not less than 3,000 men while the enemy suffered comparatively nothing.

The color bearer of the 27th Ill. — Hooker's brigade — had struck a path by which he, together with a little squad of his companions succeeded in reaching the enemy's works and planting his flag. He defended his colors bravely with his revolver, but was finally overpowered, stabbed through the breast with a bayonet and fell backwards from the works, his regimental colors falling from his grasp inside the confederate's works.

After we had fallen back some of the confederates jumped over their works with the intention of finishing the color bearer, who was not yet dead, but they were prevented in their designs by their officers who said that he was too brave a man to be killed in that way.

We sent out a flag of truce and made an agreement that each side should have the privilege of caring for its own dead and wounded as they lay between the two lines and neither could do so without the consent of the other.

In this wise the color bearer was also brought from the field. He was thought to be in a dying condition, but perfectly rational and seemed greatly grieved over the loss of his flag. And, remarkable as it may seem, it is understood that he recovered and lived to resume his place in the ranks with his comrades.

The enemy's works were almost impregnable on account of the obstructions placed in our way. They had two rows of "what you call ems"—long logs bored through cross ways with three inch augers, through which sharpened sticks were placed. Thus equipped two points of the sticks would rest on the ground while the other two stuck up about four feet. These sticks were only six or eight inches apart, while the logs were often sixty feet in length. They also had two lines of brush fences. All the brush from the timber cut was placed into rows with the tops cut off and the sharp points facing us. It was almost impossible to get through such barriers. They would turn any government mule that was ever in the service. But in addition to this they had dug a broad and deep ditch. One could easily crop into it but to get t out again was altogether different.

After burying our dead and caring for our wounded I think our company lost six—we remained quiet in our works. We were again on friendly terms with the enemy, and did not shoot at each other. On the 30th our regiment was put in skirmish line, and we exchanged papers with the boys in gray, thereby getting news from Dixie.

On the 1st of July some of the confederates came towards our line to exchange papers. We took them to be officers of considerable rank. They met us over half way and were anxious to view our lines. If we had St. Louis papers they would want New York. If we had them from New York they wanted them from Chicago, and so kept us trotting back and forth to our lines to look for them. But soon the Major of the 24th Wisc. came forward and told them that if they did not go back to their lines he would order them fired upon. They went

The artillery duel still continued vigorously but we did not shoot at each other on picket line until the 2nd of July. when an order was given to keep up a steady picket fire for fifteen minutes. Before putting this order into execution however, we notified the "Johnnies" to keep low that we were ordered to shoot, and they all sought safe retreats. After the fifteen minutes were up our firing ceased and we notified them that it was all over. It took some time however to convince them that there was no "yankee trick" in it. and it was late in the evening before our friendly traffic in papers, etc., was resumed. In one of their papers I secured in this manner that evening I saw statement of our charge of June 27th in which it was stated the rebel skirmishers lost nine out of ten of their men. but that they had captured the regiment flag of the 27th Ill. The writer also referred in a most flattering manner to the bravery

displayed by the bearer thereof, to whom we have also referred.

On the night of the 2d we received orders to move quietly by the right flank toward Kensaw mountain being relieved by our first division, and on the morning of the 3d discovered that the enemy had left the mountain. We could still hear cannonading to our right and were pushed forward toward the railroad and from thence southwardly along the banks of the Chattahoocha river through Marietta. Marietta was at that time a handsome business town but most of its citizens had evacuated it with the confederate army. Much of it was destroyed and our army was again in fine spirits. In fact we marched through Marietta with our colors flying as proudly as if we were on a grand review.

CHAPTER XII.

But we were crowding the enemy as they attempted to cross the Chattahoocha river, and the firing which had been kept up all night became more general in the morning.

Early on the morning of the 4th of July we advanced in line of battle. We continued to crowd the enemy back but encountered considerable fighting, losing many men. During the night the firing continued without interruption. Many of the confederates were now deserting, mostly from the Tennessee and Kentucky commands, and came into our lines for protection.

On the 5th we succeeded in driving the last of them across the Chattahoocha capturing their rear guard of some 4,000 men together with a quantity of artillery, and saved the platoon across the river, which they attempted to destroy. We took our position on a high hill and from it we could see our troops fighting far to the right. We also had a fine view of Atlanta in the distance, and could distinguish the "Johnnies" being at work on the opposite side of the Chattahoocha river. Our artillery was soon in position and proceeded to make it hot for them.

On the 6th the bombardment continued, and it was reported that Johnston had sent 20,000 men to reinforce Lee, which afterwards proved to be a mistake. During the day Generals Sherman, Thomas, Howard, Wood, Stanley, Newton and others reviewed our army.

On the 8th our artillery concentrated their fire on the confederate works on the other side of the river, causing terrible destruction. We could see the "Johnnies" running out of their works in squads as the shot and shell fell thick and fast around them in

search of a more healthy location. During the 8th also we were mustered.

On the 9th our division marched up the river a distance of five miles when we crossed. The river here was some two hundred yards in width, and we were compelled to wade through it to gain the other shore. We immediately took possession of Roasville. One factory still remained intact here, the owner having hoisted the French flag and claimed French protection. His property shared the same fate as that of his neighbors, however, for General Sherman refused him the right to use the cloak of neutrality to manufacture clothing for the enemy. During this time our army corps had build a bridge across the river at Power's Ferry.

When Johnston saw that, we had prepared three bridges on which to pass our army over the Chattahoocha river, in addition to the old one he was so zealously guarding, he concluded that he might just as well destroy that and seek safer quarters for himself.

On Sunday, July 10th, the 16th corps came up, laid a pantoon bridge, releived our division and we retired to our old position.

On the 13th the pickets were withdrawn, and we crossed the river. After marching some six miles beyond we were put to building breastworks, although we could not discover a vistage of the enemy in our imidiate front. Our regiment also built a new road from the river to these works

On the 17th we had a brigade inspection, whereat every musket was counted.

On the 18th our division marched some seven miles forward on the main Atlanta road, and met with but little resistance from the enemy. On this occasion my "bunkey" Comrade Adolph Fass, as will be remembered had been wounded some weeks ago, returned from the hospital. He had been proffered a furlough but refused it, preferring to return to bis regiment in the front, where he arrived just two days before the battle of Peach Tree creek, and a few days after that terrible battle he received a letter from his sister at home regreting that he had refused to accept a leave of absence to come home for a time and I ask the privilege to quote the answer to this letter of his sister in full here, to indicate the spirit of patriotism which governed so many of our soldier boys.

CAMP NEAR ATLANTA, GA.
July 29th, 1864.

Dear Sister R: —

With joy did I receive your dear letter of the 21st inst. today and see in it your displeasure at my not accepting a furlough and coming home. I am truly sorry that I gave you a vain cause for such a hope and joy. and as you ask. for an explanation and a reason why I longed to return to my regiment more than to my home. I will give you the following: "As my wound was again healed, I considered it my duty to return to the field where I was again able to perform my duty to my country. I could not content myself with the idea that my comrades in arms should stand in that held facing the enemy and fighting battle after battle while I should be sulking in the rear. Had my wound been more serious, so that I would have been disable for a longer time to perform my duty in the held. I should certainly have accepted the proffered furlough and returned home to see you all, for the Lord knows how I long to return home in peace. But as it is, let us be content with our correspondence for a little longer, as I believe, with the help of God this war will soon be over. We are not yet in possession of Atlanta, but ere long it too will be ours. Yesterday there was hard fighting on our right, and the "rebs" lost some 10,000 men. while our loss is reported at about 2,000, our boys having fought behind their works, while the enemy was exposed.

Your Affectionate Brother.

ADOLPH.

July 19th found us on a parallel line with Peach Tree creek, which our—the

Cumberland—army crossed on several pontoon bridges. Hooker crossed first and our division second. By the time we had reached the opposite shore it had become quite dark. The works of the enemy were but a short distance back from the river, and we had already captured a number of persons. It was at this critical moment, if I understand it right, that General Hood superceded General Johnston in the command of the Confederate army.

On the morning of the 20th we charged upon them, drove them out of their strong works and captured many prisoners. It was in this engagement that Comrade Nicholas Kessler, of Highland, was killed.

Our regiment then advanced in skirmish line about a half a mile in advance of our main line. We had passed the hollow in which the confederates had dug their skirmish pits, while just on the hill beyond their main works had been erected. We thought these works were vacated from their appearances, and at my request I was permitted to crawl up the hill and ascertain, but was cautioned to be very careful, as we had no orders to go further forward than the hollow I above referred to. Proceeding forward, however I soon gained a position where I commanded a view of the works, and vicinity beyond them and found that their troops were marching toward our left. Our company held the extreme right of our regiment, and as we were deployed as skirmishers, we made a long line. Soon the buglar in the center—far to our left—blew "reatreat" but we were in no hurry as we saw nothing to retreat from, and I still continued to watch the "Johnnies" unobserved by them. Suddenly they came to a halt, then in quick succession came the command, "front, forward, double quick, march" and over their works they jumped with a yell toward us. The fun was suddenly all over for me. —for as soon as I started to run for my command, I was discovered and the way the bullets rattled around me for a few moments was not slow, and I could not make up my mind to heed their friendly intimation to "surrender, you d — d y ."

Very confident were the confederates now of success. Their new leader had planned well, and he too anticipated nothing but victory. Only one corps, Hookers, and our single division had crossed Peach Tree creek, unless possibly there were others on his left flank. We had only two cannons on this side of the creek, but a battery still stationed on the ether side rendered us considerable assistance.

Hood marched his troops as has been already stated, to our left, until his right flank over lapped our left, and then came down the banks of the creek with a whoop and a yell, anticipating, no doubt, an easy job, but he met with a terrible resistance. Although we had been there but a few hours our troops had already thrown up considerable earthwork, not formidable at all. but something for the boys to stand by. As soon ss we had returned from the skirmish line, our command opened fire, and I fear that Comrade Phister fell from a bullet from a musket of one of our own men, as I had passed him completely faggged some thirty yards from the line in my own wild race for life.

Thus the enemy was very near our line when we fired, and the volley we discharged into them was a most deadly one.

Our cannon too had been brought up quickly, and took their position on our right a little to the front of our line, so that they could shoot down in front and parallel with our lines. When our confederates had advanced so near us that our officers were firing upon them with their revolvers, it was the grape and canister fired by those two guns that saved the day. The carnage however was fearful. The enemy seemed determined to stay and were literally mowed down again and again before they would yield to the inevitable. Hooker's men joined us on the right and as we watched them we feared lest they were compelled to give way, in which case we would have been flanked on the right as well as the left. At times they were actually mixed up with the rebels fighting hand in hand, but they never wavered. Fighting Joe too was among them and encouraged them by his gallantry, but they suffered terrible loss of life.

In retreating the enemy left only their dead and seriously wounded on the field, who fell into our hands. Their dead numbered one thousand, one hundred and thirteen while over one thousand more were found wounded. These, added to the prisoners who had been captured during the engagement, ran the total loss of the confederates up to nearly six thousand men. While our loss possible did not exceed seventeen hundred and fifty.

On the 21st we were divided. A large number were detailed to bury the dead, others to care for the wounded, while the remainder were put to work on our lines of breastworks.

On the 22nd we advanced again in skirmish line, and found that the enemy had fallen back fully a mile and a half. As we approached they began to shell us and we moved around to their front, threatening an attack, however, although it was a fact that their main force at this very time was fighting McPherson. It was the day that that gallant General fell. While we did not charge upon them, we did secure a good position, and were set to work at once throwing up breastwork. We worked upon them all night and all day the 23rd. being under fire constantly. Comrade Driesch was wounded here. On the 24th our regiment was again put on picket duty.

On the 27th General O. O. Howard, our famous corps commander, assumed command of the army of the Tennessee. McPherson's old command, and General Stanley took command of our corps, the 4th General Kimble, our old brigade commander, took command of the first division. Col. Obdikey of the 125th Ohio, taking command of ours, the 1st brigade, and I can not say

that we fully appreciated the change

On the 28th the battle at Ezra church was fought, but with the exception of the shelling we saw nothing of the engagement

Many of my comrades will remember the two soldiers who reached our lines here, having escaped the confederate prison at Andersonville, Georgia. None who saw or heard them relate their experiences will fail to remember them. It would melt a heart of stone to hear a recital of the horrible sufferings and wrongs they endured, and one would have supposed that inhumanity itself would have grown abashed at the barbarous cruelties inflicted upon these helpless men and their comrades who were confined within that pen of death. These men described the prison as a field of sand and swamp, about twenty-five acres in extent, surrounded by a stockade. In this were huddled ten or twelve thousand prisoners, according to their estimate. When it was first occupied it contained some brush and trees, but these the prisoners had early consumed in constructing little huts, only to be soon torn down again for fuel. If a soldier was captured without a coat he lived without one during his stay. Very few of them had blankets, while many of them did not have enough clothing to cover their nakedness. In this foul plot upon the innocent earth there was also a fatal line which had attained the significant name of "Dead Line". It was simply a little furrow some twenty steps from the stockade on each side, which, for a person to pass, was death. At first there was nothing to mark its location and many a poor fellow that thoughtlessly stepped beyond it paid the penalty with his life. Afterwards a wooden railing was built to mark it and if even a hand was placed upon it, the guard fired upon the offender. "Many a poor fellow" said our comrades, "who when, first brought into the pen noting the clean vacant space beyond innocently stepped over onto it, only to be instantly shot down by the guard." They informed us that there was scarcely a well man in the prison. They would dig holes in the ground and huddle into them at night for warmth and were then almost literally burned by the hot sun during the day. It was not to be wondered at that such a life, together with starvation almost staring them in the face daily should cause universal sickness. The hospitals were inadequate for the demands and it soon became the prevailing sentiment among the prisoners according to these men, that to be ill enough to get into the hospital meant a hasty journey to the graveyard.

On the 1st of August one brigade of each division were sent to the extreme left of our line to release the 23rd army corps. Our brigade was one of them and we traveled some four miles before

we reached our position, Schofield taking the extreme right beyond our line.

From conversation with our confederate prisoners we learned that their losses during the campaign were very heavy. They were much dissatisfied with General Hood and seemed to have greatly preferred Johnston. When they evacuated Dallas they nailed a sign board upon a tree reading "Till here and no further." After we had crossed the Chattahoochee river we saw many more similar arranged messages saying: "Thirteen miles to Atlanta, eleven miles from h—ll, remember, six hundred and ten miles to Cincinnati." "Sold" etc., etc. In passing through Marietta we picked up a number of letters that had been purposely dropped for us "Goodbye, Yankees, the next time we will fight you nine miles on the other side of Atlanta and if you flank us out there, the next place will be on the other side of h — ll where we are strongly fortified." Another "Yankees, if I was in your place I would quit fighting for negro equality, for you will never succeed." But to continue.

On the second of August cannonading began again. Our line the left wing, was very weak and we were very anxious about that quarter, fearing an attack there as our right flank was continually advancing. On the 3rd we made a demonstration with a view of creating the impression that we were really stronger than we were. On the 4th it was reported that our right had taken possession of the West Point railroad and captured many prisoners, we had not experienced for some time. On the 6th we cleaned up our camp while the picket fired lively in our front. After the 7th they took a detail from the different regiments for picket duty instead of taking one entire regiment, and I was one of the number selected. Two confederate officers had secured blue uniforms and came within our lines. They were suspected, watched and soon placed under arrest. They were immediately tried as spies, adjusted guilty and executed without delay. It had commenced raining again and continued without intermission for several days.

On the 8th I was relieved from the picket and detailed for fatigue duty. On the 9th a general bombardment was kept up all day. At this time we also received a large mail from loved ones at home.

On the 10th I was again on picket. About noon there was hard fighting on our right. It lasted about two hours, when all became quiet and remained so until five o'clock, when it was renewed, and lasted until next morning. We were ordered to listen sharply for a

wagon train that was expected would move out that night, and to report it immediately at headquarters, but we heard nothing. During the night Davis division charged the confederates out of two forts and one line of breastworks, but with considerable loss of life.

On the 11th of August we received good news from Mobile and were greatly rejoiced, for we felt as great an interest almost in the different armies as we did in our own. Some of the glory however, belonged to our old corps commander General Gordon Granger.

On the 12th we advanced our picket or skirmish line without much resistance and on the 13th everything was quiet until evening when the confederates commenced to shell our camp, not only disturbing our slumber but actually killing and wounding a number of our boys.

It was now reported that Howard had gone to the right as far as Cedar Bluff. The bombardment of Atlanta continued vigorously and many were the fires that broke out in the city, so effective was the fire. We could not only plainly see the fires as they broke out but could often during the night, hear the fire bells ring out the alarm.

At nine o'clock p m on the 16th and it was very dark, we received marching orders. In fact we scarcely had time to collect our baggage, light as it was before the word "fall in" was given, while none had the least idea as to what was up. We marched to the rear and to the left about one mile when we formed a line fronting east, so as to protect the flank of our other line stationed there, fronting south. The hardest fighting however was on our right Hank as I was there that we tried to cross the enemy's lines of communication.

On the 17th we were told to strike camp until further orders. Hood now charged upon Howard. He had not gone to Cedar Bluff as reported and Hood had discovered it.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 19th we witnessed the greatest bombardment we had yet seen. It was even greater than at Kenesaw mountain. General Sherman had procured a number of large siege guns and was now testing them on doomed Atlanta, and the earth fairly trembled so great was the concussion. As soon as the cannonading ceased. our right made a desperate charge on the enemy's works while we lay idle in our works, a common skirmish line under orders for a forward movement at any moment. On the 20th we made a demonstration. Our position was

such that we could leave our works and pass around through a hollow unobserved by the enemy, came up over a hill in full view of them and marched into our works. Repeating this movement several times we left the impression that we were receiving strong reinforcements. This was necessary to ward off an attack on our left as the enemy knew that our troops were massed on our right the day before and that the left must be weak. The weather too had now become very disagreeable again and it rained almost constantly for several days.

Sherman now inaugurated a grand maneuver of his entire army in full view of the enemy. Three thousand wagons were loaded with provisions for fifteen days, and one thousand ambulances were put in readiness. All the remnant of our baggage as well as all the sick and wounded boys were removed to a strongly fortified position on the Chattahoochee river and the 20th army corps was left there to guard it and the rail road bridge.

Our corps, the Fifth, was the first to move. It was on the 25th of August and I had just been relieved from picket duty. It was a very dark night, uncomfortably warm, and the roads were in a frightful condition from the recent rains. Our pioneers had cut poles and laid them corduroy fashion across the worst places to enable the wagons to pull through, it made it very hard and disagreeable marching for us. We were warned on leaving our works to proceed as quietly as possible so that the enemy wouldn't detect our movement, but it was very trying upon such roads to do so for some one was constantly falling, peeling their shins etc., and exclamations were in demand. We marched in the rear of our line towards our right, passing over our battle field of July 20th at Peach Tree Creek.

On the 26th our whole army, save the 20th corps, were marching toward the right, though we at first started to make breast works as we were of late wont to do.

When we first moved out we were put on a double quick march and were compelled to keep it up most of the time for some ten miles, or to Red Oak. Here we destroyed the West Point rail road, and in the afternoon marched out some five miles further where after dark we put up a line of breastworks. We had skirmished with the enemy all day and were shelled by him all night.

The next day, the 28, we moved forward some fifty yards, and succeeded in making another line of works although the rebs made it rather warm for us. We had all become expert choppers and

diggers by this time, and the boys seemed to delight in fortifying themselves, more particularly when the confederates tried to persuade us that it was not necessary.

After dark we left these works and moved out some four miles where we were put on picket duty. We remained thus all day the 29th during which time our brigade moved in line and built breast works while two divisions were sent out to destroy the railroad. That night we were relieved from duty and went into our works.

On the 30th we marched five miles, crossing the West Point rail road above Red Oak: we experienced hard skirmishing all day and at night put in our time throwing up breast works as usual. Hooker had, during this time, experienced considerable hard fighting and had taken possession of Macon.

On the 31st we moved forward again and found the rebel works for rail road defence vacant. We advanced upon them very cautiously however crossing them carefully in line of battle. But we afterward learned they had gone to assist in the charge on Howard near Jonesboro.

Early on the morning of the first of September 1864 we again heard cannonading on our right and we were ordered to move with sixty rounds of ammunition. We struck the Macon railroad at Rough and Ready station, and completely destroyed the track for several miles towards Jonesboro, where Howard had his fighting position. The 14th corps took their position on the left of Howard while our's the 4th, was placed on the left of the 14th. Schrofield, with the 23rd corps was to join us on the left forming the extreme left, and had orders to be in that position by four o'clock that afternoon. Unfortunately however he had taken the wrong road and did not get in line until after dark, before which time the 14th army corps charged on our right, after which our's the 4th corps charged further to the left in the rear of the enemy, but it was so late and it had become so dark that we could not do much execution.

We charged upon across an open field. The grass and weeds, fully knee high caused many of our boys to fall as if shot down, by getting their feet tangled in it. There was a thick wood in our front in the edge of which we could see the flash of the enemy's rifles. From what we could see we supposed that it was merely a skirmish line and lunged headlong in upon them and were soon mixed up among them. As I and two other comrades came upon one of the pits a Johnnie threw his rifle out between us and fired, but as good luck would have it he injured no one. We grabbed him

on the spot and made him a prisoner. Some thought he ought to have been shot, and he seemed to fear some such action himself, as he begged manfully for his life. The wood into which we had come was as thick as a cane break, all young saplings, and so close together that we could hardly get through them. Then we became scattered, lost our commands and in some instances got mixed up with the confederates. It was thus that a squad of confederates met a few of our regiment. Up went their rifles followed by those ominous sound click, click, with the query: "What regiment do you belong to?" Our boys answered promptly, "the 15th Mo." and it so happened that they had a 15th Mo. Confederate regiment with them, and thought it was all right and their guns were lowered but it was too dark to see much. It was now our turn to interrogate and we immediately asked "What regiment do you belong to?" and they answered the "3rd Florida." Click, click went our guns and they were made our prisoners, but we did not yet know where our lines or troops were, nor did we know whether we would strike our line or that of the enemy at any moment. Gathering as many of our boys together as we could we concluded to stay where we were until morning and make the best of it. About two o'clock in the morning we were startled by the sound of a terrible explosion in the direction of Atlanta, some 25 miles distant, followed by other lighter reports. No one at that time knew just what it was, but we afterwards found out that the confederates had blowed up their ammunition and destroyed other government property in Atlanta, prior to evacuating the city.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the morning of the 2nd of September the enemy was again out of sight. They had been badly defeated and the 14th army corps had alone captured 2,700 prisoners and twenty pieces of artillery.

The 20th corps now took possession of Atlanta without resistance while the enemy for some twenty miles further south had been badly handled and seriously crippled.

After driving the enemy through Jonesboro the next morning we pushed them as far as Lovejoy Station, where they made another stand. Being strongly fortified here they shelled us viciously on our approach, we pushed forward, secured our position and soon our artillery was in a position to silence their batteries. We then made one desperate charge to carry their works but failed. It was not a general movement but a spurt of our

brigade commander General Obdike. Our loss was considerable. Engelbert Dreher and Wm. Lorenz were both wounded; the former soon recovered and returned to the company, but the latter was discharged finally for disability. We fortified ourselves that night while our picket kept up a steady fire. The 3rd was a quiet day in the main but our pickets and the artillery were constantly pouring in shot. A nonveteran of Co. "C," whose time had been out for several days and who had been staying with the company cook in the wagon train, at this time came forward to drink coffee with us. He had seated himself behind a large tree and was enjoying himself with us, when a stray bullet from the front struck and killed him instantly.

On Sunday the 4th and Monday the 5th the steady fire was continued by the pickets in spite of the heavy rain which continued to pour down for more than twentyfour hours in succession. After dark on the latter date we received marching orders. The movement was made noiselessly as we were to evacuate our works. The night was very dark and the roads very bad, still we covered seven miles, and, reaching the Jonesboro battle field, formed in line and built breastworks. The next morning when the confederates came to feel of our line we captured one hundred of them with very little fighting.

On the 7th all was again quiet, and as the enemy seemed to have decamped, we took the road and marched rearward some twelve miles, crossing Cedar Bluff, while on the 8th we again marched fully twelve miles in and around Atlanta and on the 9th we were transferred from the 1st to the 3rd brigade.

We remained here two days but on the 12th moved our camp. On the 13th we again changed camp.

During the battle of Peach Tree creek I had fallen from grace in the eyes of our Captain Ernst and as our fighting was now apparently over for a spell he was on the alert for a pretext to have me punished.

The trouble arose from an imputation of cowardice suggested on that occasion, and I was not the least bit careful in my attempt to prevent him from having a chance to "church" me. Accordingly, before long on the 14 I was sent to the guard house on the charge of having refused to do duty. I had been detailed for fatigue duty — to clean camp — and the sergeant told me it was not my turn, but that the captain had ordered that I should do it. I told the sergeant that if that was the case I wouldn't go and as a consequence the captain had me put in the guard house, where I

remained until the 17th, I slept in my tent every night, however although the captain did not know it.

On the 17th I was taken out to be tried by a court martial, but as I appealed to the brigade headquarters, and declined to be tried by the officers selected by the captain, the trial was continued until the 19th. At this time I was again brought up before the bar and informed that I had no right to an appeal as stated, and must be tried then and there. During the proceedings I refused to say one word in my behalf and let them have it all there own way, and was finally returned to the guard house under a ten day's sentence and the loss of one months pay.

On the 21st our noneveterians were mustered out, and on the 24th they left us. Before their departure we had a dress parade when the following congratulatory document was read to us:

Headquarters Dep't of the Cumberland,
Atlanta, Georgia, Sept. 19th 1864.
General Order No. 134.

Soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland:

The Major General commanding with pleasure congratulates you upon the fact that your achievements during the campaign which has just closed, in connection with those of the Armies of the Tennessee and Ohio, have received such distinguished marks of appreciation from the President of the United States and of the Major General commanding the Military Division of the Mississippi. Your Commander now desires to add his thanks to those you have already received, for the tenacity of purpose, unmurmuring endurance, cheerful obedience brilliant heroism and all those high qualities which you have displayed in attacking and defeating the cohorts of treason, driving them from position after position each of their own choosing ending their communication and in harrasing their flanks and rear during the many marches, battles and sieges of this long and eventful campaign.

It is impossible, within the limit of an order like this, to enumerate the many instances in which your gallantry has been conspicuous, but among them may be mentioned the actions of Rocky Faced Mountain, and before Dalton, fought between the 8th and the 13th of May; of Resacca on the

14th and 15th of Adairsville, on the 17th, and of New Hope Church, on the 25th of the same month, of Culp's Farm, June 22nd, Peach Tree Creek, July 20th and the crowning one of Jonesboro, fought September 1st, which secured the capture of the city of Atlanta—the goal for which we set out more than four months ago—and furnished a brilliant termination to your struggles for that long period. Let these successes encourage you to the continued exercise of those same high qualities, and to renewed exertions in the cause of our country and humanity, when you shall again be called upon to meet the foe, and be assured the time is not far distant, when your powers will conquer what territory now remains within the circumscribed limits of the rebellion. A few more fields like those whose names now crown your standard and we can dictate the terms of peace, alike honorable to yourselves and our country. You can then retire to your homes amid the plaudits of your friends and with the proud consciousness that you have deserved well of the country. Our rejoicings are not unmixed with a proud regard for our brave comrades who have fallen. Their graves mark the spot where they went down, amid the din and roar of battle, dotting every held and hillside, or lying beneath the spreading boughs of the forest along our route; they will in future days serve like finger boards to point out to the traveler the march of your victorious columns. These silent mounds speak to us to remain true to ourselves and the country, and to so discharge the high duty devolving upon us that their lives which they so freely offered up may not prove a useless sacrifice.

By command of

Major General Thomas

W. D. Whipple.

Assistant Adjutant General.

September 25th, 1864. brought us marching orders. They were promptly executed and the boys were commanded to get ready for the road in five minutes. I was hastily removed from the guard house, but as my sentence had not yet expired I at first refused to put on my regimentals and join the command. After a short parley however, I waived the point and fell in, and that was the last I ever heard about the affair. If I ever lost the months pay stated, I never knew it. My bunkey, Adolph Faas, had been sent with a detachment to Bridgeport several days before, and in his absence I

was compelled to attend to his baggage as well as my own.

We boarded the cars at Atlanta and arrived at Bridgeport, Ala., the next day where we took possession of the quarters just vacated by the 106th Ohio. Upon the arrival of my partner, Mr Faas, on the 29th we arranged a small house for ourselves, and furnished it up quite comfortably with chairs, tables, cupboards and bunks. It was immense, but we feared it was too much so to last long. Our fare however, was not as sumptuous or plentiful as it might have been and we were detailed for duty every alternate day.

My captain did not apparently feel satisfied with the results of our late tilt however, and was visibly uncomfortable in my company. As a result I was on the 1st of October detailed to the provo guard at Brigade headquarters. I remonstrated valiantly but it was no good. I had to go. Thus we lay inactive until the 20th when we were marched to the depot and went via rail to Chattanooga. Arriving late in the night we monopolized the depot for quarters, and while sleeping there my knapsack was stolen. I did not regret the loss of my old companion as much as I did the many little trinkets it contained which I prized very highly.

On the 21st we were marched to our new camp and paid off.

On the 22nd we received about one hundred recruits for our regiment and were marched out to the Lee and Gordon mill on the Chickamauga battlefield, some fifteen, miles distant.

On the 23rd we crossed the Chickamauga river and traveled about seventeen miles, passing through Lafayette, which the enemy had occupied but one week before.

On the 24th we marched fourteen miles. It was very warm during the day, but the nights were cool and the roads in fine condition.

On the 25th after marching six miles we reached Alpinez where the remainder of our division was stationed and remained there until the 28th, when we received orders to retrace our steps. I had been quite ill of rheumatism and rheumatic fever since the 23rd and was now unable to walk. I was therefore placed in the ambulance train and taken to Lafayette, some twenty-two miles distant, and from thence to Lee and Gordons mill, arriving at Chattanooga on the 30th. Here I was finally placed in hospital No. 2. On the 31st we were mustered for two months pay, and were afterwards transferred to section 3 of ward 3.

On the 1st of November I was much better, but as I was still afflicted with rheumatism the doctor would not consent to sending

me to my command; more than that he claimed that he was in need of more assistance, and wanted me especially as an interpreter. There were many German boys in the hospital and he found it necessary to have some one with him who could speak with them. He also suggested that I be appointed as one of the ward masters, to which I did not at this time particularly object. During my stay here I had become acquainted with a number of wounded rebbles, among them H. M. Meadors, to whom I had become greatly attached and after it was understood that I was to stay for a while I asked the Surgeon in charge to have him removed to my ward. He objected to this unless I would agree to take a tent full of them. This I readily consented to, and soon had the matter consumated, the following boys in Gray being thus assigned:

H. M Meadars.	Co. A, 34th Ala.
— Stiberfield.	Co. D, 29th Miss
G. F. Bradford.	Co. 1, 10th Tex.
R. T. Hallaway.	Co. A, 1st Ark.

M T. Fulgham. Co. D, 24th Miss.
Cleophas Cousson. Co. D, 20th La.
A. J. Crosby, Co.1, 50th Ga.
W. D. D. Pool. — —5th S. C.

and others but most of these soon recovered and on the 28th left for Nashville as prisoners of war. Mr. Meadors and Mr. John Childers, from Hickman, Fulton Co., Ky., remained with me however, both being seriously wounded and we had a most pleasant time together notwithstanding their misfortune. They taught me a number of rebel songs, some of which I never shall forget, although it cost me almost my entire private salary to keep them in tobacco.

My readers will surely pardon me here if I diverge for a little while to refer personally to my fond attachment and personal acquaintance with Mr. Meadors. Mr. Meadors had lost a leg before Atlanta, and like many other brave soldier boys, both blue and gray, had suffered sorely for want of attention during the exciting days of the Atlanta campaign, commencing some three months before this time. When we were thus thrown together both being about the same age, mere boys, a very strong friendship sprang up between us and each aimed to make it as pleasant for the other as it was in our power to do, and it was not to be wondered at if when I had secured permission to attend personally to a "tent full" of Johnnies that I should first select Comrade Meadors. But the end finally came when he too must be removed to the military prison. At our parting we exchanged addresses and agreed to write to each other after the "cruel war was over." As I am on this subject I feel justified in skipping a space of twenty-two years for the purpose of referring to our reunion. It did not occur until two years ago although Mr. Meadors wrote me two or three letters on returning to his Southern home in 1865, according to his promise. But as will be seen from my reminiscences I had not yet, at that time, reached home, but was still serving with my company in Texas, and for that reason his letters did not reach me. Receiving no answer he came to the conclusion that I must have fallen in the strife or had taken up my abode elsewhere. Upon my return home from the army in 1866 I too wrote him according to promise but alas instead of the expected response. I received my letter back from the dead letter office whither it had been sent. I most certainly had no suspicions as to the fidelity of my young confederate friend, but like him, reluctantly came to the conclusion that he had never lived to see his old home again, and although I often had occasion to think of and refer to him. I never had the slightest hopes of ever seeing or hearing from him again in life. But how little do we know of what providence may bring about in this world. A thunderbolt from a clear sky could not have overtaken me with more astonishment than did the letter I at last, after twenty-two years, received from him. He had written to the postmaster at Highland in hopes of finding some of my relatives to whom he could write for tidings of his old friend "Dutchey" and to whom he could

write his gratitude for what he thought I had done for him so many years ago. I immediately answered him and a number of letters followed in quick succession, and in less than two months after my receipt of his first letter, he left his southern home in midwinter, and journeyed over six hundred miles to greet me. I will not attempt to describe our meeting after so many years of doubts and fears, further than to say that it was similar to two real brothers. My friends had been informed of his expected visit, and a host of them, mostly veterans and members of the G. A. R. were at the depot with me at Highland to meet him, and all were equally zealous in their efforts to make his stay a pleasant one. Ovations and receptions followed in quick succession by friends at Highland, Edwardsville, Collinsville, Grantfork and Pocahontas, and our reunion proved a genuine pleasure to us both while Highland Post, G. A. R., of which I have had the honor to be commander, cemented the reunion, as it were by electing my confederate friend an honorary member thereof. It was a distinction alike appreciated and prized by us both and will ever be cherished as a sacred bond of friendship. In October 1887, the following year, I had the pleasure of visiting him in his southern home, and it was a most hospitable reception and entertainment that awaited me there, both at his hands and those of his friends. It was during this trip that I first decided to collect my data together for my reminiscences, as I had an opportunity to revisit many of our old battle fields, thus vividly refreshing my recollections of those terrible days. Last June Mr Meadors again visited me. He was a delegate at large from Alabama to the St. Louis convention, and made this county his home during his stay, and was the recipient of many kindnesses from old as well as new friends here.

The reason my first letter, in 1866 did not reach him was because he was off attending school and his old county had been "reconstructed" or subdivided, so that my address was faulty. He is now serving his second term as Circuit Clerk of Chambers County, Alabama and is a most popular officer. His limb had been amputated so close to the thigh joint that he has never been able to successfully use an artificial limb, and from my own knowledge I know him to still suffer acutely from the wounded member, while his recovery in the first instance, after the long delays and neglects he was compelled to endure after the battle of Atlanta, has ever been a mystery to me.

On the first day of December two more confederates were assigned to my tent, on the third three, and on the 4th I received one poor fellow named Combs, who had been shot by the guards at the military prison in town. He had been shot through the thigh and his leg was amputated that evening. He died the next day after suffering much

pain.

It had been real cold for several days, but it now turned warmer and commenced to rain.

On the 6th I received another Johnnie in my ward. He was a bright young fellow—only 18 years of age—and belonged to the 1st S. C. He had deserted his company at Charleston and had taken the oath, but on the 7th he died. At this time we experienced a tremendous wind storm, and our tents were swept away, but as luck would have it, it was not cold.

On the 8th our convalescents were examined and those who were able for service were sent to the front I was however, still detained by the doctor who insisted on my aid.

On the 9th it rained, sleet followed with cold weather but on the 10th it moderated again.

During this time I received two more Johnnies for my "rebel" tent. We were changed to the 1st ward, section 6, and I was placed in command of this section and received a small tent for my headquarters. This I fitted up as best I could and to it carried my "pet" Mr. Meadors as I always called him, and placed our bunks side by side, making sort of a double bed, and here we both roomed and slept together as long as we remained there.

On Christmas day we had a fine christmas dinner and enjoyed it hugely. One inch of snow was all we had at any one time during all our stay in Chattanooga and our experiences varied but little in detail as the days passed by, except occasionally, during the month of January, 1865, when we received good news from the front of the success of our armies. Sherman had marched from Atlanta to Savanah and from thence to Charleston after Fort McAlister had been carried by his gallant troops. When Charleston and Ft. Sumpter fell, salutes were fired in every fort in Chattanooga. Thus times passed until the 17th of February 1865, when we received orders to break up our hospital as it occupied ground upon which it had been decided to built a fort. All our able men were sent to their commands and our confederate patients to the military prison, while those who were still too ill to be thus disposed of were transferred to Hospital No. 1.

On the 20th Mr. Meadors and I exchanged addresses, as related above, and he took his departure for a military prison. No one can conceive how much I missed him, nor how I longed to learn good tidings from him during the many months and years that followed that parting. We had been closely associated for nearly four months and our friendship was most real.

I was immediately detailed with a working squad to take down the tents and turn them over to the medical directors. I expected every day to get orders to report to my company and was really anxious since the departure of my confederate friend, to go, but I was detained. February passed and found me still sojourning at Chattanooga.

After the 1st of March the weather became very calm, but the water was everywhere. The late rains had swollen the rivers, creeks and smaller branches far beyond their banks, and railroads and bridges were badly washed out and in some cases carried away. On the 7th of March the weather was fine, and we were detailed to load a wagon train with hospital clothing and forward it to town. The river had fallen considerable by this time, but the intermable rains had commenced again. On the 9th we worked very hard in the rain. Our party was daily becoming smaller, fifty-eight having been sent off during the last few days.

Friday the 10th of March was one of the coldest days we had experienced here. We were still busily engaged in the work assigned us in hopes of completing it in time to get off for our regiments on the following Monday. We had received no mail since the high water and we were anxious to learn of the movement in the front as well as from friends at home. On Sabbath March 12th we received our first mail. The weather was now pleasant, but I was again suffering severely from rheumatism induced from my recent exposure to the rain. I had determined to return to my regiment and although suffering greatly I refused to report to the doctor and handled my own case as best I could with the appliances I had at hand. During the afternoon we packed our "kits" drew our rations, pulled down our tents and went over to the convalescent camp.

On the 13th we received orders to leave at one o'clock with two days rations and at the appointed time were marched down to the Nashville depot and received transportation to Huntsville, Ala. There were but sixteen members of the entire 4th Army corps with us.

Sixteen thousand soldiers left for Sherman's army on the same day, mostly convalescents, from the 15th and 20th army corps.

Our train pulled out for Huntsville about five o'clock in the evening. At Whiteside station we were detained some time to permit several trains loaded with troops, the 1st division of the 4th army corps, to pass and when we reached Bridgeport we were detained until daylight, trains passing us all the time. We left Bridgeport at six o'clock a. m. on the 14th and soon reached Stevenson, where we stopped for breakfast. Soon afterward we were whirling along. We

were now on the Memphis and Charleston road one of the best in the south at that time and were making splendid time. The Memphis and Charleston road runs down the Sequahatchie valley between the Cumberlin mountains and Waldens Ridge, so that while you pass through a beautiful valley you can also see, at a short distance on either side most picturesque mountains. We soon reached Scottsboro. It now began raining again and we were compelled to seek shelter in the box cars. We had been enjoying our ride from the top of the cars all the way, and failed to appreciate the trip afterwards.

We arrived at Huntsville early in the afternoon. I reported at once to our corps headquarters where I was ordered to the 2nd division headquarters which I was informed was some two miles distant. It continued to rain heavily and I soon came to the conclusion to seek shelter until the next day with the 24th Wisconsin of the 1st division where I found my friend Montz Tschoepe. I had not heard before that he had been wounded at Franklin, and was not with his regiment, but I was greatly pleased to run across him, and was most sumptuously cared for by his friend, John Miller during the night.

The next morning the 15th the weather was decidedly more pleasant and in company with Mr. Miller I went to town. I reported at our army corps headquarters, and procured transportation to Decatur, some twentyfive miles distant, whither I went by train, and reached my company before dark that evening.

I had been absent nearly 4 months and was greatly pleased to be with them once more. Many however, were missing, for the last three battles they had participated in had thinned out their ranks most visably, a number had been killed, others wounded, while still others were known to be languishing in rebel prison.

When I left the boys they returned to Chattanooga. They arrived there on the 31st of October, 1864. and almost immediately received orders to take the cars, while the entire wogon train of the fourth corps was ordered forward over land. Their train started at two o'clock a. m. on the morning of November 1st for Stevenson, thence via the Memphis & Charleston railroad as far as Athens, a distance of one hundred and twenty-eight miles. Leaving the train there the next morning, Nov. 2nd they marched out of the city some three miles going in to the camp in the woods. On the 3rd they were early mustered into line and moved forward some eight miles although it rained steadily the whole day and was disagreeably cold.

On the 4th they marched eighteen miles and were compelled to wade Elk river, which was no pleasant job I can assure you at that season of the year, and in the evening camped within four miles of

Pulaska, Tenn. They passed thru Pulaska the next day, the 5th and camped on a fine hill a mile or so beyond where they were put to work building breastworks in anticipation of the approach of the enemy. They were kept thus employed continuously until the 9th although it rained almost incessantly all the time.

On the 14th our regiment was put on picket duty and on the 17th a large mail was received, while on the 20th an inspection was held.

The weather had continued very disagreeable, and was followed by snow on the 21st.

On the 22nd it became evident that Gen. Hood was advancing upon our little army and orders were issued to delay his advance as much as possible without giving battle, for the purpose of giving General Thomas time to concentrate his forces and further to give General Smith an opportunity to arrive with his reinforcements.

Hood was now advancing upon Pulaski and we moved all property of value with our wagon trains to Columbia, the troops intending to follow as soon as driven by Hood. Our division marched in advance, on the 22nd to guard the train and at noon crossed the railroad track and camped at Linville that night, where during the night, our other two divisions reached us. All were then formed in line of battle in anticipation of an attack by Hood. Not approaching early on the next morning the march was resumed, and as we neared Columbia we heard the reports of three cannons apparently west of that city. We were hastily put on the "double quick" and arrived at Columbia at eleven o'clock a. m. where we were again placed in line of battle and commenced fortifying ourselves. The enemy now had come within reach of our artillery and were being held at bay by them, but in the evening all became quiet again.

November 25th and 26 Gen. Hood pressed our position vigorously, and we had considerable hard fighting, and, although they did not attempt to dislodge us we withdrew to a position near Duck River and threw up new breastworks. It was understood that Hood desired to cross the river here in advance of our forces, and we placed the bridge under strong guard. The rains during this time were the source of much discomfort, and it seemed as if it never would cease.

On the 27th we destroyed our forts and all other property of value at Columbus, and the entire army crossed over to the other side of the river, our corps—Stanley's—bringing up the rear on Franklin Pike.

On the 28th we formed in line a little back of the river, although our pickets were stationed at the river. Our artillery was so posted, also, that it could do considerable execution on the opposite side of

the river, and our position was a strong one. But our cavalry, it seems, had been defeated by the enemy at Hayes' Mill, some six miles above Columbia, permitting the enemy to cross in such force as to enable them to completely flank us, had we remained in our position; but we hastily withdrew to Franklin, where we again secured a good position.

Our division started early on the following morning, when it was thus known that we had to move on, and marched some fifteen miles, or to Spring Hill. Here we were attacked by the confederate cavalry. Throwing up breastworks hastily, we formed in line while our wagon train moved on. Later in the afternoon the enemy's infantry began to move upon, and pushed up column after column against us, but were repulsed each time, but at last, observing the shortness of our line—we were only one division—they moved upon our right flank, when, noting the danger, we withdrew to the little town, and with considerable loss. Here we succeeded in holding them in check, and during the night the 23rd army corps, as well as the other two divisions of our army corps, arrived, and the danger was over.

I believe history says nothing about the "battle of Spring Hill," of November 29th, 1864, but our divisions thought it was a pretty clever tilt, considering the odds they had against them.

On the 30th our march was resumed towards Franklin, but as Hood was pressing us so closely, our rear was formed into line as if intending to fire, inducing Hood to check up and form his line. During this time we quickly made the remaining four miles to Franklin, where we formed in line and commenced building earthworks. Our brigade and the 2nd brigade of our division formed the advance line.

Franklin is only eighteen miles south of Nashville, on the Nashville & Decatur Railroad and lays in a bend of the Big Harpeth River. Our wagon trains were all forwarded across the river and our flanks both rested upon it., except the advance line of our two brigades. There had been some attempt at fortification at this place previously, and they were quickly manned while others were soon added by our forces.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the enemy advanced upon our front. They came up in closed columns, confident of victory, and made a desperate charge upon us. General Hood leading in person, and assuring his men that the last Yankee should be driven from Tennessee. We were only two brigades, but we repulsed their attack, and they were compelled to withdraw with considerable loss. But they now discovered the shortness of our line—the advanced line—unobserved by us, moved to our right, and before we were aware of it they had passed our right flank, had almost cut off our two brigades, and were making for our second line. Noting our danger, we broke

and made for the second line in our rear, too. It was a fair and square foot race with the enemy. Before the line was reached, however, we were all mixed up with the enemy, and our second line as well as our infantry were almost powerless, as to fire would be to kill friend and foe indiscriminately. Our predicament caused confusion in this line, and Cox's and Ruger's divisions of the 23rd corps, stationed here, left their works before we reached them, and we all, blue and gray, indiscriminately went tumbling into their empty works, both out of wind, with empty guns, and neither able to do much, if anything.

But at this critical moment, when it seemed as though certain victory was in the grasp of the enemy, General Stanley came up in the lead of the remainder of his corps—the 4th—Conrad had also rallied our brigade, and Obdike, his, and we cleared our works. It was a bloody hand-to-hand combat, in which bayonets and club muskets were freely used, but it was fought to victory, and the enemy were driven from our works. General Stanley was seriously, although not mortally, wounded during the engagement.

It is not to be doubted that Hood became enraged at the result, when victory seemed so near, but he had no intention of giving up the contest, and for five more hours, or until midnight, continued to order charge after charge to be made, each one more desperate than the one preceeding, leaving large numbers of dead and wounded comrades on the field, but our troops stood like a veritable stone wall, while our artillery did terrible execution. Their last charge that night was led by Gen. Pat. Cleburn, and he succeeded in forcing his troops up upon our very works and demanded our surrender, but at that very moment this gallant soldier fell dead at our feet, and the enemy withdrew.

If we consider the short duration of the engagement and the limited number of troops engaged Franklin may well be classed among the bloodiest of the war. Hood reported it as a victory, probably because we took our departure during the night; and if it was such, it was certainly so dearly bought that it greatly assisted in our subsequent victories. Hood estimated his loss at 1,750 killed, 3,800 wounded and 702 taken as prisoners, a total loss of 6,252; of his generals he lost, killed, Pat. Cleburne, Wm. J. Adams, Gist. Strahl and Granbury; wounded, Brown, Carter, Manigault, Scott, Quarles and Cockerell while Gordan was captured. Our loss was, killed, 189, wounded, 1,033, missing, 1,104, total 2,337. Stanley alone of our Generals was wounded, and in the engagement we had captured thirty-three standards. It is also true that we left our seriously wounded on the field. I have not a complete list of the loss in our company and regiment, but Corporals Engelbert, Dreher and Frances Raffel, and private Charles Weinger were taken prisoners and carried

to Meridian, Mississippi.

During the continuance of the battle our trains had time to reach Nashville, and at two o'clock the next morning we departed in peace from our late battle field, and arrived in Nashville before noon of that day.

Our corps took position on a hill just south of Nashville, and our regiment was sent out on picket duty that night, and, although Nashville was strongly fortified we were soon put to work adding additional trenches. Nashville lies in a smaller bend of the Cumberland that Franklin occupied on the Harpeth, thus affording good protection to our flanks.

With the exception of an occasional cavalry skirmish, all was comparatively quiet the next morning, October 4th. Hood had appeared in our front, and we expected an immediate attack, such as we had witnessed at Franklin, but instead of that he took up a position on a row of hills south of our lines. The most prominent of these hills was known as Montgomery Hill, and laid about six hundred feet in front of our center.

We were considerably surprised at this change of tactics by General Hood, for he had become quite famous among us as a desperate although sometimes reckless, "charger"; but he lost this distinction at Nashville, and became more cautious than we cared for him to be.

The close proximity of the two lines gave constant employment to the artillery of both sides, and the enemy were apparently as busy building fortifications, & c, as we were, and in the morning and evening we could distinctly hear their brass bands playing Southern airs.

On the 7th we arranged our camp in order in the rear of our breastworks, and were doing picket duty every other day.

It had now become quite cold, and on the 9th we were greeted with a heavy snow.

After the 10 the cannonading became more earnest, and we were given orders to be constantly in readiness to march.

General Thomas had been waiting thus for some time for an opportunity to punish Hood for following us so far back as Nashville, but the continued cold weather and the condition of the hills, which were literally covered with ice, sleet and snow, prevented active movements.

On the 14th of December, however it began to thaw out with a

warm rain, and General Thomas mustered his officers and informed them that he had determined to attack Hood on the following day, submitting to them at the same time his plans; General A. D. Smith was to take charge of our right wing and make the first attack. General Wood, who had been in command of our (the 4th) corps since General Stanley had been wounded at Franklin, was ordered to leave a strong skirmish line at Lawren's Hill, and to form the remainder of his command on the Hillsboro road, against the advanced position of the enemy on Montgomery Hill, and at the same time cover and protect Smith's left flank, while General Schofield was to hold his forces as a reserve.

The morning of the 15th came, and with it a heavy fog, which veiled our movements most completely from the enemy. General Hood apparently had no idea that he was to be attacked. Our left made a demonstration on the enemy's right, for the purpose of deceiving them. Smith followed immediately and made an earnest charge on their left flank, and turned it. As soon as Hood's flank was thus routed, our corps joined Smith on the left, charged and secured possession of Hood's most advanced point, Montgomery Hill, after which our troops advanced still further and succeeded in driving the entire rebel line from their position, capturing, all told, seventeen guns, a number of standards, and many prisoners.

During the night General Hood took up a new position on the Overton Hills, which were also very strongly fortified, but our troops were full of enthusiasm and courage and felt satisfied that the final destruction of the Confederate Army was now at hand. Their lines at this time were not more than half as long as the day before, and were necessarily much stronger. We bivouacked on the battle field that night and were eager for morning to renew the fray.

At six o'clock the orders came. Our corps was to advance over Franklin Pike, and east of it, driving the rebel skirmishers before them south of Nashville, until they got within their new works at Overton's Hill, Steedman protected our left flank, and Smith the right of our corps

During this time Wilson's cavalry had swung around, and had reached a position in the rear of Hood's forces, and we could distinctly hear the boom of the cannon in that direction.

The order was given to continue the attack on the enemy's left flank. The charging column was now composed of the 4th corps and the brigades of Post. Morgan and Streyht of Steedman's corps, Morgan's brigade being composed of colored boys.

As our troops advanced in full view of the enemy, they had ample time to draw up the necessary reinforcements to the threatened point. Our boys advanced bravely under a steady storm of bullets until they reached the enemy's works. Then the reinforcements in reserve were rushed forward and poured a deadly volley of solid lead into them, the dead and wounded falling thick and fast, so terrible was the slaughter. In an instant almost a galling fire was opened from their right and left and they were compelled to withdraw, leaving many dead and wounded in the deep and almost impassible trenches in front of the enemy's works. General Head however, immediately reinforced his lines for a renewal of the attack at the starting point.

In the meantime we too, heard the cry of victory over to our right and returned on our charge with such irresistible determination that the works with their artillery and troops fell into our hands.

The now shattered remnant of the Confederate Army fled in great disorder through Bentwood Pass, our corps pursuing vigorously until the darkness of the night put an end to the flow of the blood, and the exhausted troops sank down in their tracks to rest.

When General Wilson saw our corps in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, he mounted his cavalry and advanced on the Granny White road towards Franklin to intercept them in their flight. He succeeded in capturing a large force of cavalry, among whom was General Rock.

On the following day, December 17th, although the weather was distressingly cold and stormy, the 4th corps and the cavalry succeeding in cutting of the rear guard of the Johnnies at Hollow Tree Gap, four miles from Franklin, capturing four hundred and thirteen prisoners.

The fleeing army, however, attempted to make a stand at Franklin, but were soon driven out leaving their hospital with some two thousand wounded in our hands, about two hundred of whom were own boys, whom we had left behind after the battle of Franklin.

About four miles south of Franklin the enemy again made an effort to secure lodgement, but they were most severely handled by our cavalry, and lost almost their last piece of artillery in the encounter.

Forrest's cavalry formed a strong rear guard, numbering some seven or eight thousand, but the remainder of Hood's great army, 50,000 strong, with which he had advanced on Nashville on the last day of December with so much assurance, was now completely routed and disorganized

The men were discouraged and were deserting the lost cause at every opportunity, and the few guns that they had left either fell into our hands or were thrown into the river. They lost their provision

train also, almost entire, and the great army had disappeared.

On the 18th we marched fifteen miles in the pouring rain, passing through Spring Hill, and on the 19th continued forward some four miles further, when we encountered the enemy again; they had undertaken to entrench themselves, we formed our line, after which our regiment was sent out on picket duty.

On the 20th we again advanced some three miles, and then went into camp on Duck River. It had continued to rain steadily and was turning decidedly colder, and the rain was soon followed by sleet. We remained in camp on the 21st. It had ceased raining and sleeting but snow fell almost all day.

On the 22nd we laid a pontoon bridge across Duck River and crossed over upon it during the night. The enemy was still in the neighborhood, but did not offer much resistance.

On the 23rd we advanced six miles, the rear guard of the enemy, Forest's cavalry, withdrawing slowly as we advanced without offering any resistance.

The weather continued to be seriously cold, and the troops suffered severely.

We marched fourteen miles on the 24th. The johnnies tried to make several stands, but our cavalry as often dislodged them before our arrival. The artillery also was frequently brought into action, but the infantry very seldom. The weather was now moderating again, and on the 25th, Christmas day, we marched fully fourteen miles, passing through Pulaski. The enemy during this time destroyed large quantities of stores they could not transport fast enough and were afraid would fall into our hands. On the 27th it commenced to rain again, but we kept steadily moving o

nward. On the 28th, after marching twelve miles, we camped near Lexington, Alabama, and on the 31st we were mustered and moved some six miles. Our provisions by this time were becoming very scant, and we were again put on half rations.

On Sunday, January 1st 1865, New Years Day. we marched eight miles and camped on the banks of Elk River, and the weather was very fine. The 2nd was spent building a bridge across the river, and on the 3rd we crossed over and made five miles before night.

On the 4th we covered twenty-two miles, and on the 5th twelve, reaching Huntsville, Alabama, where we went into camp. The next day, however, our brigade took the cars and were sent to Decatur, Alabama.

On the 8th we laid out a regular camp near that city. It was now raining again and continued to keep it up almost incessantly until the 10th.

We were now arranging our quarters as best we could for the winter although it was thought the worst was past.

On the 12th a party of confederates came forward bearing a flag of truce, for the purpose of making arrangements to exchange prisoners.

On the 15th they returned again and our brigade commander met them for a conference. They entertained each other for about an hour, after which each party returned to their own line. What it all amounted to we did not learn, but we were very vigilant thereafter, fearing an attack, as our brigade alone was stationed at Decatur at this time.

Another inspection was held on the 15th and on the 16th another squad of Confederates came forward under the flag of truce returning again on the 19th, but we could not learn their purpose. On the night of the latter date we sent out a reconnoitering party but they discovered nothing.

It was now raining vigorously again, making picket duty on the Tennessee river particularly attractive to the boys.

On the 22nd eight confederate cavalymen came into our line, with their horses and surrendered.

On the 23rd the weather was very blustery and cold, but we received news from Wilmington, where our army and navy had gained a glorious victory under Terry and Porter.

On the morning of the 25th our Colonel together with his staff and General Granger passed through our picket lines under a flag of truce. Not returning in the evening we began to feel uneasy, a forage train had also been sent out that day but it reported in due time. Our fears were appeased on the following evening, the 27th, when our Colonel and party returned without accident.

We enjoyed inspection on the 29th and on the 30th our artillery had a target practice with the guns in our fort.

February 1st we sent out another large forage train and also another party of truce, and the Johnnies who had deserted and came into our lines returned to their homes and brought their families back with them for protection.

One of our gunboats arrived at this time and greeted us with a salute of eight guns. More rain.

On the 7th another squad of confederates deserted the "lost cause" and came over to our lines. The weather at this time was very unpleasant and water plentiful, but the reports received, almost daily, of the success of our eastern army kept the boys in splendid spirits.

Inspections followed on the 12th and 19th and on the 20th we received another squad of boys in Gray under a flag of truce. We could not learn the meaning of all this conference, but were fearful that the enemy was contemplating an attack upon us at an early day.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the 21st of February another squad of Confederate deserters came into our lines with their arms.

On the 22nd we learned that General Sherman had reached South Carolina and of his victorious entrance into Columbia, and a salute of thirty guns was fired from our fort in honor thereof.

On the 23rd it commenced raining, and we learned that the railroad near Franklin had been destroyed.

On the 26th we were reenforced by a number of soldiers, veterans mostly from the 3rd, 12th and 17th Mo. regiments. They were transferred to our commands. A party of Confederate officers also came to our front under a flag of truce at this time, but we could learn nothing. We were again mustered for inspection on the 28th.

March 1st it commenced raining again. The Tennessee River was already very high and still raising. It continued thus until the 7th, and our duties were becoming monotonous. Our mails too came in very irregularly.

March 7th, however, was a beautiful spring day, and on the 8th a party of Confederates ran up upon our pickets and fired on them. They did not tarry long however, but almost immediately returned within their lines.

On the 9th we received reports of the great success of our old commander, Gen. P. H. Sheridan, over his old enemy, "Early" at Wagnesboro, and our boys rejoiced exceedingly.

The 12th was spent in inspections, dress parades, etc. and there were rumors circulating around the camp about early marching orders to come.

On the 14th twenty more Confederate deserters came over to us.

The weather was now becoming very warm and many of the boys expressed their extra winter clothing home. On the 17th another

inspection was held but the rumor of marching orders had vanished.

Procuring wood for fuel was quite an object now as we had layed here so long, and had been compelled to burn so much during the cold weather that we were compelled to send great distances for our supplies.

On the 18th several Confederate soldiers and their families came into our lines.

From the 19th to the 23rd the weather was uncertain, wind and rain storms followed each other, but on the 23rd spring was with us in earnest. The meadows were becoming green and the peach trees were in full blossom.

Thus time passed. Mails arrived at intervals and the boys longed for pay day. Their families at home, many of them, were in want but they were unable to assist them.

On the 26th the veterans that had been transferred to us from the 3rd, 12th and 17th Mo. regiments received their arms and were daily installed as a part of us.

Very little out of the usual routine happened from the 26th to the 31st. when we were releived by new troops, the 149th Indiana, and were ordered to be ready to march on the morning of April 1st. We turned over all our old knapsacks, tents, haversacks. etc. and drew a compliment of new articles of like character. We were promptly inline by seven o'clock that morning ready to bid goodbye to Decatur, but were disappointed. We were kept in position, loaded like a lot of pack mules, until fully one o'clock that afternoon before the gun boat "Thomas" ferried us across the river. Here we took the cars end were soon speeding along toward Stevenson. The remainder our division had left Huntsville sometime before and we made a stop there only long enough to draw provisions.

Early the next morning we came to a sudden halt. We knew not where we were nor why the delay, but in the morning we found ourselves between Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga. The train just ahead of us had been thrown from the track by obstructions placed there by unfriendly hands. Luckily the coupling between the tender and the first car had broken, thus saving the train from destruction while the engine was a total wreck and the engineer and fireman were badly injured.

We remained thus on our train until one o'clock that afternoon and by sundown that evening we passed through Philadelphia, and later we passed through Acworth. I tried to "lay me down to sleep" as I had not slept any the night before and succeeded in securing a little

rest as we traveled on.

When we awoke on the morning of the third we found ourselves at Knoxville, where we remained until nine o'clock after which we started out at a pretty fair rate again. We passed through Strawberry Plains, a portion of the country we had not forgotten since our experiences there in '63, and from thence across the Holston River. After traveling thus far, some twenty five miles, we reached New Market, but hurrying on, and were now at last being welcomed by the waving of handkerchiefs, etc. as we passed, and we soon became satisfied that the inhabitants of eastern Tennessee were now, in the main, loyal people.

After traveling some sixty five miles from Knoxville we reached Bull's Cap, where our corps was lying, while a portion of our division was stationed some three miles beyond. We reached our division before sundown, and as they had marching orders, we again turned over what baggage we could spare and put ourselves in shape for another campaign, and on the morning of the 4th we were up bright and early, ready to fall in. It was at this time that we first experienced, in all our army service, the pleasure of drawing pickles, potatoes, sourkraut, turnips, etc. and we felt exceedingly joyful. We enjoyed almost every luxury except beef and pork, and were unanimous in our praises.

The other two brigades of our division marched up and passed us at the appointed time, but we were detained for some reason during the day.

We received a large mail that day and also good news from our old commander again. Sheridan had charged the enemy's works at Five Forks and had captured their guns and some 6,000 prisoners.

East and West Tennessee were as different as day and night. Not only was this noticeable in the topography of the country, but also as between the inhabitants, and many of our boys were of the opinion that the latter was the result of so many Germans settling in East Tennessee. Not only because of their universal loyalty but their vigorous hearty manhood. They wept with joy at the sight of the old flag, which had been lost to them for nearly four years, while the ladies waved their blessings over us as we hurried east to meet them, as well as our country's foe. Such a reception in that country at that time did our wearied hearts good. We were not yet altogether void of feeling though we had often been in the whirlwind of the charge "when men became as iron, with nerves of steel."

On the morning of April 5th our Brigade commanded by our old

Colonel, Conrad, was ordered to move forward, and after marching some ten miles reached Blue spring, near which, so we were told, was the birthplace of Andrew Johnson, where we joined the balance of our division which had preceded us.

The news from the east seemed to brighten every day. We now received dispatches that Petersburg and Richmond had fallen, that the enemy had thus been driven out of their stronghold, and were retreating rapidly towards Danville.

On the 6th we went into camp. We selected a fine position on a hill near by, nicely shaded by beautiful trees, with numerous gushing springs of water surrounding us.

On the 7th it was raining, but we were free from duty and full of joy. We began to feel that peace was near at hand, that the rebellion was crushed and that the union was restored. We began to feel that before many days we would be able to return to our homes once more safe and happy, and the rainy weather could not dampen our overflowing spirits and joyful anticipations.

Our rest and quiet on the 8th was only broken by further good news from Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

On the 9th we were detailed for the picket. It still rained steadily and in the evening a terrific storm passed over us.

It continued to rain on the 10th, but in the afternoon of that day, regardless of the mud, we were ordered out on dress parade. When thus in line a dispatch was read to us stating that General Lee had surrendered all his forces to General Grant at Appomattox. The cheering in the ranks at this good news was simply tremendous and was kept up some time, while the cannonading and musket firing in honor of the event was as fierce and rapid as if in battle, and lasting until long after nightfall while in the excitement incident therein, two comrades were accidentally killed and many others wounded.

Nor was such a scene to be wondered at. We had been in ranks in the front for over four long, weary, bloody years, and now it seemed as if by one stroke the end was at hand.

On the 11th, while there was not much sunshine in the sky we had an abundance of brightness in our hearts and the latest news was all the talk, while many walked about with sore heads—too much joy and "Tennessee mountain dew."

On the 12th the rain continued unabated. It was also reported that Wilson's cavalry had captured Generals Forrest and Rhoad together with their entire commands.

The weather on the 13th was no improvement, but good news continued to pour in. Lynchburg had fallen and several additional commands had been captured.

The 14th was Good Friday, and General Stanley ordered that it be made the occasion of Thanksgiving, and it was a most beautiful day. The stars and stripes were to be replanted on and over Ft. Sumpter, a salute of one hundred guns were fired and religious services were held among the various commands.

The 15th brought more rain, also further encouraging dispatches from the war department. Later in the day however rumors were circulated, but not believed, that Lincoln was dead, that he had been assassinated at Ford's Theatre the evening before, and that his son, Steward, and other prominent members of the Cabinet had been fatally assaulted. We could not dare believe it, but were fearful lest it might be true and our joy was turned to sadness, while we awaited further tidings.

The official dispatches on the 16th confirmed the rumors of the day before, and a heavy pall, a dense gloom fell over and upon us. While the news of Lee's surrender had filled every loyal heart with joy, while every hour brought reports of new victories and all were rejoicing in the belief that he who had just been inaugurated for a second term as our Chief Magistrate, universally loved and honored by all, would soon be able to make his promise proffered at his first inauguration good, and henceforth govern a united instead of a divided country, the news was terrible and crushing palsey, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and all was mourning. Oh, how full of anger and revenge were the hearts of our soldier boys. We did not enjoy the beautiful weather, we did not enjoy the recollections of past victories, we had nothing to say on any subject and silence and sorrow reigned supreme.

Thus several days passed in gloom and we were not sorry on the morning of the 16th to receive marching orders. We retraced our steps some thirteen miles to Bull's Cap, reaching that position before noon of that day despite the terrible mud. Here we were ordered out on the picket, while our first division boarded the cars and were sent forward.

April 20th and 21st were spent in idleness although we were hourly anticipating orders to move.

On the 22nd we, the 1st Brigade, were formed in line and marched to the depot where we boarded a train about midnight. The train was moved forward so slowly that we did not travel a very great distance

before daylight overtook us. About this time our train jumped the track, and three cars were overturned and others seriously damaged. It was a fearful wreck, but happily we escaped with comparatively little loss, only one man being killed and 10 seriously wounded. It was night when we finally reached Knoxville, where we were detained until the next morning, the 24th. Resuming our journey at that time we reached Chattanooga in the evening. Our stay here was short, however, for we were soon on the road to Stevenson where we remained until the next morning, the 25th, Nashville was reached the next evening where we were permitted to disembark and bunk on old Mother Earth again. We were all worn out, being so crowded on board the cars—fifty men to each box car—that we fully appreciated the change and put in full time.

On the 26th we marched out about four miles from Nashville, where we went into camp.

On the 27th orders were received to drill three times each day and to attend dress parade and inspection once each day. We were also ordered to build bunks in our tents and to cease sleeping upon the ground. How we did appreciate such orders. We had enlisted for the war, had passed through one hardship after another, had been drilled to death, and now when we thought the war was over and that we would be mustered out, we were as new recruits, just beginning the study, why should we drill now? If we had been drilled good enough to participate in the long series of maneuvers and engagements encountered during the past four years, we were surely drilled well enough to fight our way home. It was the prevalent belief in the ranks that we would soon be permitted to go home, and many were the fond anticipations indulged in by the boys. But alas! what a disappointment.

That night I was detailed with others on duty down town. A load of Government mules and wagons had just arrived and we were to assist in unloading them. The night was dark and the work disagreeable, while the rain poured down in torrents. On the 29th the weather again cleared up, and on the 30th were mustered and obediently lived up to all orders. The incessant drilling was very obnoxious, but pay day was thought to be near at hand.

Thus time passed. No variations, but drill, parade and inspection. Inspection parade and drill, day after day, one like the other until the sixth of May, when our division went on the picket line. On the 9th of May the promised grand review was had and large numbers of citizen spectators were present and when General Thomas appeared he was greeted with cheer after cheer by their troops. The 10th was a very

lonesome day, and the boys were becoming terribly homesick, but nothing of our muster out was heard. We received a large mail on the 11th, and on the 12th we went out on picket duty again.

Sunday, May 14th was a beautiful day. An inspection in the morning and a dress parade in the evening being the only features not enjoyed by the boys. John Miller, of the 24th Wisconsin, came over and tarried with us until evening. On the 16th F. Blume and I went into Nashville on a little jaunt of our own, but reported O. K. in the evening. On the 17th we bundled up and sent two specimen hardtacks to the Highland Sharpshooters, but we never heard from them. How is it, boys? From the 17th to the 20th it rained almost incessantly, and the country around about was thoroughly soaked, and the streams full to overflowing. Jos. Baden, of our company, who had been wounded and captured at Franklin, returned at this time in good health. May 24th was the day set apart for the grand review of the army at Washington, and, although we had borne a full share of the duty in the field, and aided as best we could to secure victory, we were excluded from that pleasure, and in all our service of nearly five years were never fortunate enough to visit Washington or see the White House. But on the grand review day we had our usual brigade drill dress parade and Company drill in camp, near Nashville, all to ourselves, although we did not fully appreciate the pleasure.

On the 26th after Company drill in the morning an order was received doing away with our frequent drills, and that pay rolls should be made out at once for eight months pay, and one term of veteran bounty. It was also ordered that all those whose term would expire on or before the 31st of October, should be mustered out forthwith. This last order partly opened our eyes relative to the situation of those of us whose time would not expire, and it was notice sufficient that to us it meant a later date for our contemplated journey home.

May 29th was a pretty day, and no duty. The constitution of Missouri arrived. News of Kerby Smith's surrender in Texas was received and it was supposed that this was the Confederate army. On the 30th we held an election and voted upon the adoption of the Missouri Constitution which had been submitted to us.

June 1st Colonel Juquiss, of the 73rd Ill. delivered a touching address before us. He was lavish in his praises of the soldier boys and awarded them just credit for the important part they had born. It was a day of thanksgiving appointed by the President and all unnecessary camp service was dispensed with. A deserter from the 51st Ill. was drummed out of camp after marching through the ranks of every regiment, followed by five guards and two drummers.

June 2nd, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th were uneventful days, nothing of interest transpiring, while on the 8th rumors were afloat of an early order sending us to Texas. On the 9th they began to pay off the veterans and muster out non-veterans. All those who had enlisted in 1862 were now mustered out. Our first sergeant was commissioned a lieutenant for Co. A. and other promotions were made in our own company.

On the 11th the 73d, 74th, 79th and 88th Ill. regiments departed for home, and our friend, John Miller, of the 24th Wis., came over to bid us farewell, as they were to follow on the following day. It was a happy hour for many, but not so much so for many more.

On the 12th they commenced to pay off our brigade, our turn coming on the 13th, and we received as we thought a "right smart sum," but it had been a long time accumulating. After this, town became a more attractive place, and the boys lived high.

On the 14th we made out the muster out rolls for seven of our non-veteran comrades and the next day they left for home. That evening we fell into line, marched to the depot and took the train for Johnstonville. The road was in fair shape, but one delay followed another, and as a result we did not reach Johnstonville, some eighty miles distant, until the following, evening June 16th. Arriving at Johnstonville we were immediately transferred to the steamer "Indiana." Our four regiments, together with our baggage and other property, filled the steamer to its utmost capacity, and comfort was out of the question. On the morning of the 17th we started down the Tennessee and reached Paducah, Ky., in the evening, our boat anchoring safely on the opposite side of the river. This was done ostensibly to prevent any of the boys from getting away, as the banks here were low and the country terrible swampy. The boys did not relish the supposed Texas jaunt, and considerable dissatisfaction was manifested. Notwithstanding this precaution, our drummer, John Vandeventer, made his escape although he sank into the mud knee deep when he left the boat. On the 18th I had another severe attack of rheumatism and fever, and was lying in the cabin when the boat reached Cairo, Ill. The order was given to anchor in the middle of the stream here, and some of our officers were making preparations to go to Cairo in a skiff. This was a little more than the boys would stand, and a squad of them, fixing bayonets, marched up to the pilot and ordered him to "pull for the shore." It is unnecessary to say that he obeyed.

Our officers took in the situation at once and hastily detailed a strong guard to prevent the boys from leaving the boat as soon as the shore was reached. But the guards threw down their guns and shouted for their comrades to come on as they themselves started for the city. The officers then formed a line among themselves and with drawn swords tried to prevent the boys from leaving. It was of no use, however, although how the shedding of blood was prevented we cannot tell. One officer was knocked down with a piece of stone coal, while Fred White of our company hastily rammed a cartridge into his gun. When asked by his lieutenant as to his intentions, he answered that if there was to be any blood shed he would have a hand in it. Our color bearer of Company "C." a young, slenderly built boy who had bravely snatched our colors from the grasp of its mortally wounded bearer at the battle of Stone River, and saved it from falling into the enemy's hands, and had so gallantly carried it from that time on through every engagement (and there were many) in which our regiment had participated, now grasped his colors in his left hand, and shouting to the boys exclaimed: "I have carried this flag through all our battles with the enemy and now that the war is over I will carry it home for you if you will follow me," and threatened to shoot any one that opposed him. Our old Colonel, now the commander of our Brigade, loved and respected our brave color bearer and calling to him reasoned with him calmly, telling him not to act too hastily, nor to tarnish the noble record he had made not to undertake to carry away the regimental flag, nor place himself in such a position as this act might bring to him. The kindly words of our Colonel were not for naught, for our color bearer hesitated, wavered and then laid aside the flag he loved so well and had so zealously guarded, but left the boat with the boys. It was an exciting experience, it was a woefully earnest action.

Although two hundred men had been detailed as guards and the entire number of officers had formed a line themselves, almost every man of that brigade went up to Cairo, with the determination to set foot once more on Illinois soil before going to Texas, some of whom had no intention of returning to their commands at the boat or making the trip to Texas with us as their absence afterwards disclosed, among whom were eleven of our company.

When the boat left Cairo that evening Fred White, of whom I have before spoken, was aboard, and Lieut C. Muri, who was in command of our company and who was an intimate friend of mine, informed me that he intended to prefer charges against him for threatening to shoot a commanding officer, as soon as we arrived at New Orleans, in fact he had already prepared the charges and read them over to me. He

also requested me to keep a watch on him, as he wanted to make an example of him. Of course he had no idea of his confidence being misplaced in me, as I had been such a "good boy" at Cairo, if I was so sick that I could not raise my head, but I could not resist the temptation and it was not long before White was informed of what was brewing, with the admonition to "skip" at the first opportunity offering itself before our arrival at New Orleans.

Our boat continued its journey down the Mississippi nearly all night, (the 18th) and on the 19th, in the afternoon, we passed that never to be forgotten place Ft. Pillow, arriving in the evening at Memphis. We landed here and remained about two hours under a heavy guard, and we could not help feeling something like it was reported of Napoleon when on his way to St. Helena, for we felt like we were surely on our way to exile.

After thus waiting for two hours we were moved some three miles down the river, and landed on the Tennessee side of the river, ostensibly because it offered less opportunity for escape.

On the 20th we again proceeded down the river and at noon we reached Helena, Ark., where we "hove too" for an hour or so. Continuing our journey again we traveled all night and the next day, the 21st, passing all stations until we arrived at Vicksburg in the evening. We were landed on the opposite side of the river, and the boat then steamed over to that city where it anchored and remained some two hours. During this time we made our coffee and had supper. The boat returning we went aboard again and continued our journey down the river.

On the 22d we passed Forts Hudson and Natches and about daybreak on the 23d we reached New Orleans. After a stop of several hours we steamed down the river again some six miles where we landed and went into camp near the river bank.

The next day the 3d division of our corps arrived and joined us in camp, which we called Camp Chalmette. We were pleasantly situated and many boats were to be seen continually passing to and fro along the river.

On the 25th the 1st division hove too and joined us in camp.

The authorities now commenced recruiting soldiers for a five years term in the regular army, but we did not want any "regular" service in ours.

On the 27th we were detailed to unload a boat load of wagons sent to our division, and this together with our regular camp duties occupied our time.

Gen. Sheridan was expected to reach us on the 1st of July, but he failed to come. Our duties were not very arduous but orders were very strict and it was almost impossible to procure a pass to go the city or elsewhere. We were all provided with mosquito bars, a very necessary article at this season of the year, as these little animals were very numerous and almost pestered the life out of us all.

July is a very hot month usually at New Orleans and 1865 was no exception. We had no water that was fit for use and we used to buy vinegar and prepare mixed drinks with it. Many of our boys sickened and died here, while I too had a relapse of my old complaint and only an early departure saved my life. I was also suffering with rheumatic fever, but I persistently steered clear of the hospital. I did not wish to stay here.

It was now known definitely that we were booked for Texas, and the necessity for such a movement was also soon very apparent to us. Had our troops been made familiar with the facts before we left Nashville much bad feeling and threatened troubles would have been averted, for it had been the prevailing sentiment among the ranks that our trip to Texas was only to humor the officers in order that their term of service might be continued at fat salaries.

Our troops were hardy and robust. They were schooled to fatigue and appeared in their respective camps as in prime condition for any service. I doubt whether a similar body of men, take them all together, were ever collected that would have proved their superiors in any service or engagement as they were equal to when we reached New Orleans.

The armies of Europe are machines. The men it is true are brave and their officers capable, but the majority of the soldiers in most of the old nations are taken from a class of the people who have very little interest in the contests in which they are forced to participate. Our armies on the other hand were composed mainly of volunteers, intelligent, educated men who knew what they were fighting for and could never have been induced to serve for any other than patriotic principles, to uphold the dignity and preserve the safety of their country.

At this time France was sending armed forces into Mexico to establish an Austrian prince upon the throne there, totally disregarding any rights or claims that Mexico had of being treated as an independent power. It is true they had trumped up a pretext, but it was such a one as can always be found when wanted. Mexico during her various revolutions had been unable to give that protection to the subjects of foreign nations which she probably would liked to have

volunteered, and some of her revolutionary leaders had forced loans from them. Thus under the pretext of protecting their citizens they had seized upon her and were attempting to establish an European monarchy upon this continent, thus threatening our own peace at home. This condition of affairs was also further aggravated by many unreconstructed rebels going to Mexico to aid in the agitation and assist in the undertaking, among whom I might mention Marguder and Kirby Smith. For this reason we were to be sent to Texas.

As has already been stated we received but few permits to go to the city but on the 3d. of July I was so favored and hastily improved the opportunity. I rambled at will and satisfied my curiosity to the utmost. New Orleans is in some respects a peculiar city. Its population was markedly so, a sort of mixture, with many French creoles, and French was the almost universal language then spoken. Having thus satisfied my curiosity I was not loath to return to my quarters on time. Early on the morning of the glorious National day, the 4th of July, our artillery aroused all slumbers by their prompt salute, and in the evening the boom of our large seige guns could be heard for miles and miles around.

A number of large gulf steamers now lay at anchor in the river in readiness to take a part of our corps across the Gulf of Mexico to Texas.

On the 5th and 6th the 3d division of our corps, went aboard the steamers while we were stationed several miles below performing picket duty. General Sheridan also arrived and was the guest of Colonel Conrad, who was now commander of our brigade. They were old friends.

On the 9th the rain was falling, but a part of the 1st division began to take quarters aboard the steamers.

We were ordered out on guard duty again on the 11th, while the remainder of the 1st division marched to the landing preparatory to going aboard the boats.

On the 15th one regiment of our division was ordered to go to New Orleans, while we still laid listlessly in camp. We had also received orders to keep our division in readiness to embark for Texas as our other two divisions had at last got off.

On the morning of the 16th I again visited the city and on my return I found that the 1st .brigade had gone and other troops were at the landing ready to embark. Before sundown two regiments of our brigade were marched to the landing, and we were under orders to march likewise on the next morning, but as our transports had not put

in an appearance at that time, we did not move. I was now detailed again for picket duty, and in the evening our vessels arrived and our divisions received orders to embark at four o'clock the next morning, the 18th. When I was relieved at six o'clock that morning and came back to camp I found my comrades had gone. Proceeding to the landing I learned that our regiment together with two others were already on board the steamer "Daniel Webster" but I succeeded in soon joining them, anchor was drawn about eleven o'clock and we started down the river. Our journey to Texas was begun.

The country below New Orleans is much more beautiful than that above. We passed one large plantation after another and almost invariably the improvements were grand. The mansions all faced the river and were most beautiful to look upon. At five o'clock that evening we passed forts Jackson and Philip, each of which were well manned with heavy siege guns and formed a most perfect blockade for the river there. Below these forts the country was low and swampy and for miles we could see nothing but a vast expanse of cane breaks. At six o'clock we reached the delta of the Mississippi where it forks into three branches, of which the "Daniel Webster" took the left, while the Gulf of Mexico was in full view. Here we dropped anchor and remained over night. The next morning we were early under way again and at half past five o'clock crossed the line which was plainly visible from the river into the gulf. It was not long now until our vessel began to rock with the motion of the huge waves, and it was not long before many of our boys began to get sea sick, and gasping "New York" while they "heaved*" their breakfast overboard. With me however, it was different. I soon began to feel decidedly better, for I had been in very poor health while in camp at New Orleans. My appetite which I had lost returned and I could eat my fat pork, with vinegar and crackers, with a relish and could not get enough.

We had a very pleasant journey across the Gulf and the weather was very favorable. We experienced no storms until we were again in sight of land, and on the 21st dropped anchor about ten miles from shore as our vessel could not cross the shoals. Here we joined some eight of the other vessels, that were in a similar position, waiting for the smaller boats, and there were but few of them to convey their soldier passengers to Matagorda, and it was soon evident that we were booked to remain upon our vessel for some time. Crowded as we necessarily were, with no conveniences to cook or sleep, it was not a very agreeable position to be placed in.

We amused ourselves as best we could. We would shoot at the large sharks that swarmed about our vessel, and kept up a lively racket day and night. On the 22nd we remained on the upper deck in

the scorching sun. We had nothing to eat and still worse, nothing to drink, while many of our comrades were sick. Several of the transports had come out and conveyed some of the troops into the bay, but our turn had not yet come. Our turn came however on the 23d, but the sea was so restless and the transports so light and frail that it fairly danced around upon the waves and it seemed almost impossible to get it strapped to our vessel. This accomplished it was at almost a risk of our lives that we made the transfer from one to the other, but the feat was finally accomplished and we were steaming up Matagorda bay, but again came to anchor when within about a mile of shore before Powderhom where we were transferred to a small schooner which conveyed us twelve miles further up the bay passing Indianola and finally landing us at the wharf at Port Lavaca, where we soon had our baggage removed and bevouacked for a good night's sleep on Texas soil.

On the following morning, July 24th, we took a stroll about the little town, Port Lavaca. It was very neatly laid out and possessed many attractions for the Yankee boys. Here we bought excellent milk and fine beef very cheap quite an improvement to our experience at New Orleans. The country surrounding was a range country and cattle raising was the main industry practiced, many of the settlers possessing huge herds of fine cattle. On the other hand timber was very scarce and was the cause of much inconvenience.

The inhabitants of Port Lavaca at this time were mainly unreconstructed rebels and many of them would not be convinced as yet that the "cause" was lost.

At two o'clock that afternoon our adventure across the plains was commenced. Our first march of twelve miles was made without finding a crop of water or a single tree or shrub fit for shade or shelter from the terrible sun of midsummer. The heat was very oppressive here as might be expected, and we were loaded down with baggage. Was it a wonder then that the boys became prostrated and sank down under the strain imposed, while some suffered sunstrokes? This was surely the march of all marches since our enlistment, but we could expect nothing less than many more of a similar character before we reached the Rio Grande, which we supposed to be our destination.

Late in the evening of that eventful day we struck camp on the banks of a small creek, along the banks of which were scattered a few Live Oak trees, covered with grape vines and moss, the latter hanging in shreds from the shaggy limbs to the ground. It was a veritable oasis in a desert.

After refreshing ourselves with a draught of this warm creek water

we dropped down in our tracks as we were utterly fagged out and tried to sleep. But soon the air became thick with mosquitoes, the ground alive with snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, horned frogs and I was about to say aleigators while the prairie surrounding us seemed to be alive with wolves and all idea of sleep vanished.

It was a long dreary night and the next morning found us out of humor tired and hungry while not opposed to a little fun. Thus it was that a squad of us started out early to capture a wild beef, but it was a miserable failure. After a long chase extending almost until high noon, we were compelled to give it up, and returned to camp tired, hungry and most thirsty. It was fearfully hot and we had suffered terribly from "water".

We made a number of similar excursions after this, but were almost always favored with better success. We would scatter our men and by this means surround a herd and in that way one or the other would almost invariably get a good shot and bring one down.

The weather here, although intensely hot, was most pleasant to one "in the shade" as there was always a strong sea or land breeze blowing. A land breeze meant endless mosquitoes while a sea breeze would drive them back into the country. We built fires all around our camp to keep the wolves off and burned large quantities of green prairie weeds to drive away the mosquitoes. We fared sumptuously here as to ration and enjoyed articles not furnished generally by Uncle Sam.

We arranged our camp in regular style and named it Camp Irvin, Texas.

We had very little duty to perform, our Sunday inspection was about all, and sometimes for days we would not have a gun loaded. But this inactivity soon grew terribly monotonous. We had enlisted for a purpose, and if we had been sent away down in Texas for a purpose we were anxious to perform that duty and get back north. We wanted to make our fight or else be emancipated and sent home.

On the 31st we received our first mail since leaving New Orleans and on the 1st of August our brigade headquarters arrived together with a regiment of our brigade that had been sent to New Orleans just before we left Camp Chalinette.

Showers were frequent, almost daily occurrences, at this time, but on the 3d, we had quite a heavy storm accompanied by much lightning and heavy thunder.

On the 6th we had regular inspection and dress parade, but the boys were chaffing by their inactivity, and as the days passed it

became chronick with all. Veterans in other departments were daily being discharged and sent home so we learned, but still we were held in suspense. Thus it remained until the 12th when we received an order that we were to be sent out to build a railroad from Indianola to Victoria. This was a stunner to most of us, the war over, and we are shipped into Texas in the middle of summer to build a railroad. Who was it for? Who was the contractor?

Then we leaped back into our old habits again, occasionally we would be mustered for inspection and dress parade, but, oh, how monotonous.

On the 17th the 42d Ill. left for Port Lavaca, and that night we experienced a fearful rain storm.

Rumors were plentiful and was about the only excitement we had. Some spoke of comrades being mustered out, others that they were marching toward the Rio Grande, now they were hammering the French, while next it was the bullish lion's tail that was being twisted. Nothing of importance took place during the remainder of the month August, and it was undoubtedly the longest month we had experienced in service, and it rained nearly every day.

On the 31st of August we were mustered for two months' pay but there was no prospect of getting any.

September was ushered in with no improvement, while the weather was still most horribly hot and the mosquitoes abundantly plentiful. We very seldom received any mail and were begining to feel like exiles. We amused ourselves by playing base ball etc., and did almost anything to kill time.

On the 18th the 64th Ohio joined us from New Orleans and the same hostilnes followed. We took many personal jaunts over the prairies, along the creek banks and to the shores of Matagorda bay in quest of curiosities, and for amusement, and many a pretty shell and flower was thus secured and forwarded to friends at home. Then to make matters more agreeable to me especially I took ill again.

On the 19th we witnesed a wonderful storm. The air that day was unusually calm, the heavens clear, but suddenly a small bird like cloud was discovered in the northeast. It grew in size as it approached and completely enveloped us in darkness as perfect as midnight, accompanied by a strong wind and a perfect deluge of water.

On the 23d the 15th Ohio and the 51st Ill. were mustered out of service, and left for home. On the 26th the 44th Ill. boys received the same welcome attention and followed suit, the 44th Ill. and 15th Mo. were closely attached to each other. They had been together

continuously from the date of the battle of Pea Ridge in 1861. We did not begrudge them their good fortune but we could not help feeling that it would have been pleasant for us to be treated likewise.

On the 1st of October C. Muri, First Lieut. of Co. "B" received his commission as Captain of Co. "C." and—Helmerick. first Sergeant of Co. "A" as First Lieut. of Co. "B." Captain Wm. Ersermann taking commend of our company

Many of the boys that had left us "without orders" during our trip down the river to New Orleans, principally at Cairo, now returned, not that they had been captured, but for the reason that upon reflection they had concluded that they would not tarnish the good record they and their regiments had made as soldiers just at the close of the war, by being recorded as "deserters" and forfeit an honorable discharge. Among those returning was our loved and brave color bearer, John Rick. He was, as might be expected however, arrested immediately upon his arrival and was to be tried by a court martial. I was very intimate with him and wrote a long letter in his defence to the court. I also likewise interceded for him with our old Colonel—Conrad—now commander of our brigade, and recounted the grand record Rick had made, and how much our regiment had been benefitted by his valor in trying times, for his record was inseparately associated with the grand record of the valiant old 15th Missouri, urging him to intercede in his time of need. But the trial came on, Rick was convicted by the court martial, reduced to the ranks and sentenced to 30 days at hard labor. The latter part of the sentence however, was changed by Colonel Conrad to fatigue duty in camp, and there was none among all the boys but that were greatly grieved that he should not be permitted to carry our old starry banner home, the flag he had borne so bravely and defended so long during our active service in the front.

On the 6th of October the 28th Ky. and some other regiments received orders and departed for home, and on the 13th the 65th Ohio followed suit.

I had been ailing with rheumatism for some time and was now compelled to place myself under medical treatment, although I managed to keep out of the hospital. I was also badly crippled, having seriously cut my knee while out with others after a load of wood for fuel.

The 26th Ohio received glad tidings on the 22d and departed for the Buckeye State.

About midnight on the night of the 23d we were visited by a fearful wind and rain storm and the flashing of the lightning and the

rumbling of the thunder was most appalling. Amid it all however, we had our fun, for the wind soon demolished all the large wall tents of our officers, while we could quietly lay in our little "pup" tents and witness them chasing about for their valuables, which were becoming terribly scattered, while their own "flag of truce" fluttered in the breeze behind them. But the storm soon passed over and early the next morning all was serene again.

On the 26th while we were enjoying a spirited game of base ball, we received orders to prepare for "the road" the following morning — marching orders—at day break, and we were all soon at our quarters "packing up" for our journey. At one o'clock the following morning the drum beat called all forth into line for reveille, and at three o'clock we were ordered to move forward. We marched across the prairie towards Victoria arriving there at noon on the 27th. and after marching through all the main streets of that village, and courtesying before every military posts and headquarters we were marched back to the edge of the town where we had entered it, and went into camp for the night. It was only a twenty-mile march, but we were pretty well "done for" and were willing to take a rest.

Victoria is situated on the Guadalupe river, and was a very neat appearing town. Its inhabitants at that time numbered many Germans. A large strip of timber lays just opposite Victoria on the bank of Guadalupe river consisting mainly of Pecan trees and "nutting" was one of the main industries of the city. On the following morning the 28th, we moved our camp over into this strip of timber on the river bank some two miles from town. The weather was now becoming decidedly cool and frequently it rained heavily.

On the 30th our baggage and hospital arrived. On the 31st we had inspection and were mustered for two months' pay.

The country along the river was moderately thickly settled although there was very little what we would call farming done.

On the 1st of November we received a large mail and with it rumors of an early muster out. although after a few days it proved to be no good. On the 3d a number of us went nutting and became acquainted with several german families which had lately settled here, formerly from old Missouri.

The fourth was spent cleaning up camp and drilling, but our taste for the latter was becoming unpleasant and on the 6th I was detailed with a squad of men mostly Irishmen from companies "G" and "H" to go out and work on the railroad. The Irish boys didn't fancy the job very much and some of them had been over to Victoria and were welt

provided with "eye water" which proved very unpleasant. At first they revolted and asserted that they had not entitled to do "road" service and I was put to my wits ends to hold them at it. But the hope of an early muster out which was strong with us all at last was accepted by them and they went to work with a will. We were kept thus employed for two days and I was not sorry when I was relieved.

On the 9th quite an excitement was created in camp by rumors of war with England, and trouble with the French in Mexico.

On the 11th the 4th Cavalry, regulars, arrived from Savannah, Georgia, and several of our comrades whose time had expired left for home.

Money was becoming very scarce with us now and we organized several nutting expeditions for the purpose of securing funds with which to purchase tobacco, etc.

The weather here this month was very changeable, one day warm and pleasant the next cold and disagreeable and even the wild geese did not seem to know which direction to take, and were continually flying to and fro at all hours day and night.

At last, on the 21st, orders reached our headquarters that our regiment should be mustered out forthwith.

On the 23d we commenced to work on our muster rolls, and I was assigned to assist and when at last they were completed and finally corrected we discovered that there was no officer at hand to complete the programme and muster us out so we had to wait. wait. wait.

On the 30th to relieve the monotony I suppose, our entire regiment was ordered out to work on the railroad, and it was an order that the boys failed to appreciate without exception.

December came and found us still waiting, I will not say patiently, to be mustered out, but the only satisfaction we had was that of seeing other regiments pass by and depart for home, sweet home. While we were daily sent out to work on the road.

We were beginning to loose heart and become careless of the future. We neglected every duty we could consistantly and began to enjoy ourselves as best we could with newly made friends in Victoria and among the farming people round about.

We attended a number of private parties and frequently met Confederate soldiers and joined with them in merry making and I do not now remember of a single unpleasantness resulting from our visits. A family by the name of Elmer was very courteous to many of us and would frequently bring us milk and other, what we called, delicacies

to our camp, and often when we had been out and would call on them would load us down with home prepared edibles. etc.

I had made up my mind to spend Christmas in town with the family of Anton Bursa, a son-in-law of Mrs. Elsuer. Accordingly, on the 23rd. I cut a handsome little Christmas tree in the woods and journeyed to town. I remained with my friends that night, and Christmas eve and night, and assisted in making the occasion as pleasant as possible, especially for Olga, their little daughter, and had a huge time myself, for I was made to feel that I was at home there. Christmas night I returned to camp conscious of committing a breach by absenting myself thus without authority, and reporting to headquarters was awarded a "tent arrest." I thus remained in my tent that night and the next day; but it became monotonous and I could not resist the temptation when night came on to step out and return to town and friends again. Arriving at Mrs. Bursa's, the Christmas tree was again lighted and another season of pleasure was had. I remained in town the day following, slipping back to camp and tent in the evening without further annoyance.

On the 30th I was detailed for guard duty, but on being relieved on the 31st I again took French leave, and with Mr. Bursa and his family went out into the country to visit Mr. Elsuer, remaining over night. We had a jolly time watching for the incoming of the new year, 1866, but about midnight the weather changed, and it was ushered in with a northerner. January 1st was cold, muddy and disagreeable, and it was late in the evening before I finally mustered up courage enough to return to my quarters in camp. I found the boys in a very unhappy mood, for it had just been reported that the 59th Ill. had been shipwrecked on the gulf, and that all were drowned. Madison county had a company in the 59th. and every one of our little body were greatly pained. It was afterward learned that the report was a false one.

On the 3d of January we received orders to prepare for "the road" and accordingly on the morning of the 4th were ordered to "fall in."

We left Victoria and our newly made most pleasant friends and boarded the cars. During the day we traveled some twenty four miles toward Port Lavaca, but left them in the afternoon when within five miles of that place and went into camp. There was not much sleeping in camp that night as it was very cold and a regular blizzard was blowing. Still the night was not wholly spent in eating and drinking. First we were—nearly all of us—in deep thought, sitting around our newly built camp fires. No one spoke, what was the matters. Joy and sorrow mingled. We were twenty-five miles nearer home and loved

ones, and had strong hopes of soon reaching both. That was joy. We had also just left newly made acquaintances and firm friends at Victoria. That was sorrow. Still with young folks even though they be old soldiers the deepest of sorrow seldom lasts, and ere long Comrade Spahr came out from under the spell that had enshrouded him, forgot for the time his much beloved Bohemian friend and began in his usual happy style to relate comical stories and crack his jokes, eventually bringing all the boys about him.

We noticed not the cold wind blowing, we kept account not of the long weary hours of the night through which we were passing, and before we were aware of it day was dawning. We did not linger for breakfast either for during the night a squad of us had succeeded in devouring the carcas of a three-year old heifer, and that without salt. It was nearly nine o'clock before Old Sol was able to thaw us out, when we organized hunting expeditions. A party of four of us soon succeeded in bagging a fine yearling and by this time our train arrived bringing our cooking utensils, tents and blankets and the pleasures of camp life was with us again, while waiting for water transportation. After roll call we were at our ease for the day, and towards evening, a steamer hove too, when we were ordered to prepare to march to the port the next morning.

On the morning of the 7th we left camp. It had been and was still raining and the roads were very bad, but how the boys did joke about Texas. It was eleven o'clock before we reached Powder Horn, when we immediately boarded the "St. Mary" a good new boat, but not near as large or steady in action as the old "Daniel Webster" and at two o'clock we set sail. The wind was still blowing viciously and the waves ran high but we succeeded in passing the bars safely, it was a jolly crowd however, although we were packed like herring in a box and shook up against each other until we did not know which was which or one from another, and not only did our stomachs overflow, but many of our heads were made sore.

At eight o'clock on the 9th we landed at Galveston, and went ashore and many of us improved the opportunity to take a good look over the city. At two o'clock that afternoon we again went aboard our ship and continued our journey. The water was very restless and about midnight that night we passed through a fearful storm, the wind blowing dead against us. The storm continued although with less vigor all day on the 10th, the waves often leaping clean over our boat, and sleep, there was none. Early on the morning of the 10th we reached the delta of the Mississippi river and at seven o'clock we were on the river. The wind was blowing northward and setting all sail we went up the river at a splendid rate, passing the forts at eleven o'clock and

arriving at New Orleans soon after dark that evening.

The next morning we proceeded some 5 miles further up the river, landing at Granville bivouaced, but before night secured transportation up the river via the fine large steamer "Commonwealth." We marched upon the boat immediately upon her arrival and by seven o'clock that evening were upon our way. The fog upon the river was very heavy and it rained nearly all night.

On the 12th, although it continued to rain, we made reasonable speed passing Baton Rouge. Port Hudson and Natchez in succession arriving at Vicksburg on the 13th. We remained here during the night the steamer discharging and receiving carloads of freight.

Early on the morning of the 14th we steamed ahead again. Another steamer loaded to the guards with soldiers also weighed anchor about the same time and we kept company with each other for some time. When we would hove too at a landing or a "wood pile" they would pass us and would make the welkin ring with their shouts, but as they too would make repeated landings we would steam past in turn and give them the same shouting racket. The soldiers became greatly excited over the race and when our boat would make a landing frequently volunteered to assist the "roustabouts" in their work so as to get off again before our pursuers could overtake and pass us, while our neighbors did the same. The officers of the boats also caught the fever and began to force the speed. Rosin was freely used in the furnaces, and the boat began to quiver in every joint, and the furnaces became red hot. This was kept up for several hours when we finally left them in the rear, and as both boats were compelled to lay up for the night on account of the thick fog we saw nomore of them until we reached St Louis.

About noon of the 15th we passed Napoleon, Arkansas, which is said to be just half way between New Orleans and St. Louis.

On the 16th about mid-day we reached Memphis, Tenn., and began to note the change in the climate. While the peach trees were in bloom at New Orleans we here began to encounter drift ice, as the ice had broken at St. Louis and could discern the keenness of the air.

When we arrived at Cairo on the evening of the 17th we disembarked for the purpose of taking the cars to finish our journey to St. Louis. The drift ice had become so thick in the river here that it was dangerous to continue the trip by boat.

On the 18th about four o'clock in the morning we left Cairo, but we made very slow progress, arriving at Sandoval about three o'clock a. m. on the 19th. Here we changed cars and at seven o'clock pulled

out for St. Louis via the O. & M. R. R. reaching that city at eleven o'clock.

Here we were again very kindly received and were marched to a large hall on 2nd street where the citizens had prepared a fine feast for us. This over, each one was permitted to take care of himself as best he could until Uncle Sam should pay us off and award us our discharge papers. This was accorded us on the 23d and on the 24th of January, 1866, four years and eight months from the date of our enlistment, we were again "free" men and suffered to wend our steps homeward at will.

I will not attempt to discribe my feelings upon this memorable occasion. It was enough to know that we were soldiers no longer that our cause, thank God, just as it was, had prevailed, and that, regardless the great sacrifice made, the great loss of life sustained, and the horrible suffering endured, the cruel war was over. America was saved and the government still lived. It was a glorious final to us, sad as the thoughts were within us for the loss of comrades and friends, whose bodies were strewn along the long line of our march during those fated years, and while we sincerely mourned our depleted ranks, we were joyous at the thought of being permitted to see home and friends again.

Thus it was that but few hours elapsed after our muster out was completed before the old gallant 15th—those that remained of them—companions closer than brothers for years, were scattered, each eager to reach his own home and greet his own family and friends. Thus it was that but a few hours later I was within the gates of Highland, and within the circle of my loved ones, and I confess, heartily tired of military life. Boy as I was, even after my long service was over, buoyant and zealous as I had been to do military service for the old flag when threatened with dishonor, when the end came, when the last battle had been fought, I was equally as zealous to drop the armor, forget the past and return to civil life. Thus it was at the time and for years after, it was seldom that the soldier voluntarily referred to his life in the ranks, and only did so when importuned by acquaintances and friends. Thus it was that even before our discharge, as many of the old veterans will remember, the following sentiment was popular and oft expressed:

Died:—Near the South-Side Railroad, Sunday, April 10th, 1864, the Southern Confederacy, aged four years. Conceived in sin, born in iniquity matured in tyranny, died of a chronic attack of Punch. U. S. Grant, attending physician; Abraham Lincoln, undertaker; Jeff Davis, chief mourner.

"Gentle stranger, drop a tear.
The C. S. A. lies buried here;
In youth it lived and prospered well.
But, like Lucifer, it fell;
It's body's here, it's soul's in—well.
Even if I knew. I wouldn't tell.
Rest, C. S. A., from every strife.
Your death is better than your life.
And this one line shall grace your grave:
Your death gave freedom to the slave."

As an old soldier, if not an old man. I wish to say to our children now and here: You have the garden of the world, and you inherit it from the soldiers of 1864-65. They gave it to you free and clean. Not with 6,000,000 slaves as they received it, not leaving it in debt as they purchased it, but with a substantial treasury, a sound credit and with every star and stripe emblazoned on the old flag. Instead of wiping out any of the old stars others have been added. If you think it has been secured to you cheaply, or that it cost your fathers—the old veterans—nothing, go look upon the forty or more national cemeteries go over the old fields of Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Shilo, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain; go follow the trail of each of the grand old armies and observe the graves of over 400,000 of your kindred and patriots, loved comrades who have laid down their lives, their all that we and you might enjoy the sweets of liberty, equality, freedom and unity, a mecca for the world. It is all yours, to have and enjoy. Take it cherish it, make good use of it. Defend it against every foe, even though you have to use our bones as breastworks. Defend the old flag. Permit none to dishonor it. And further: Remember the old soldier. Do not permit anyone who served his country in its hour of great peril to die in a poorhouse. Can it be that you and those who are so greatly beneficiaries of the sacrifices that were made, can it be that you or they can enjoy your great blessing, your very liberty itself, knowing that he who did so much to secure it for you is only to be sent "over the hills to the poorhouse" to end his days a pauper? It can not be, and grand old Illinois, together with other equally grand old States, recognizing the injustice of such a record have come out boldly and say to the world, 'the old soldier shall not die in dishonor.' Keep faith with the old soldier, pay them their dues now that you are able, retain the "surplus," but forget not him who honored all. Build your fortifications, replenish your navy, improve your great industries, all are worthy and commendable, but do not neglect the bulwark of your nation's moral power that was built at so great a cost twenty-five years ago. When the war closed and

our great leader sat in the White House, he said to Great Britain. "For wrongs done us you owe us certain tribute. Pay it!" and the Red Cross of England came down before this starry flag and paid \$15,000,000 damage. Upon the shores of a sister Republic a foreign army was seeking to establish a Monarchy and Uncle Sam said to Napoleon, "Hands off! In forty-eight hours begone;" and from the shores of Montizuma Monarchy vanished, and the personation of the eagles and the lilies of France lies buried beneath the sunburned sod of Mexico. No! higher than the wall can be built, and stronger than the rivets of steel can be made, is a nation's kept pledges, expressed or implied, and its power to call out its entire people. Do not prevent base ingratitude and America will never know the humiliation of invasion. Look to the necessities and care of the old comrades and you will also look to the safety and honor of your nation.

But the end has come. Mr Editor, when I consented to jot down in my own peculiar way my recollections of my five years in the sunny South, spent amid such unpleasant surroundings, I had no idea of trespassing so long upon your space or the kind indulgence of your readers. The task, while sad, and one that has vividly recalled many scenes of sorrow, has been withal a pleasant one, inasmuch as I have been accorded so pleasant a hearing; and while I may have transgressed, I have not done so designedly, but simply to review the record of the gallant old 15th Missouri, of which I had the honor to be a member, as I knew and remembered it. I fully realise that their record and their experiences were no more than that of hundreds of like organizations, all of whom volunteered as freely and suffered as greatly as did we. It has been the memoranda of a boy private, one who had little or no experience, and as little opportunity to record his observations properly in the field. Others could have presented it much better, but none have a more vivid recollection, none honor the cause served or the record made by his old command more than I. And with the fervent hope that America may never be called upon to witness or endure such again. I bid you a kind adieu.

THE END.

DIGITIZER'S NOTE

July, 2024 Edition

A microfiche version of *Five Years in the Sunny South: Reminiscences of Maurice Marcoot* was digitized, and the text was recognized via optical character recognition (OCR). The text of the manuscript was then manually compared to the scanned microfiche and OCR errors have been removed. Finally, the text of the manuscript has been formatted as an ebook. The ebook version and the original scanned microfiche (bitmap) have been deposited on the Internet Archive site (<https://archive.org/>).

This edition contains a number of spelling, punctuation and grammar errors that likely arose from alternative spellings in use in the late 19th century, errors in typesetting (e.g. "u" in place of "n") and uncaught spelling mistakes in the original manuscript. For historical scholarship reasons, only clear typesetting errors have been corrected. Other errors have been retained in this version. Removing them would require an editorial judgment to be made in these cases as to how and when to correct these errors. Perhaps a corrected version may be produced as a subsequent version of this text. This version of the manuscript, however, has not been corrected in order to preserve as much historic integrity as possible. For readability as an ebook, however, hyphenation has been removed. Again, the original scanned microfiche (bitmap) version is available for comparison.

Inquiries regarding the electronic version of this work may be directed to me, Michael Goodson (great-great-great-grandson of Maurice Marcoot, Sr.) at: mlgoodson87@gmail.com.